

John Maury
THE
BLOODY BUOY,

THROWN OUT AS A

Warning to the Political Pilots of America;

OR A

FAITHFUL RELATION

OF A

MULTITUDE OF ACTS OF HORRID BARBARITY,

Such as the Eye never witnessed, the Tongue never
expressed, or the Imagination conceived,
until the Commencement of

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN INSTRUCTIVE ESSAY,

Tracing these dreadful Effects to their real
Causes.

BY PETER PORCUPINE. *R*

" You will plunge your Country into an Abyss of eternal
" Detestation and Infamy, and the Annals of your boasted Revo-
" lution will serve as a BLOODY BUOY, warning the Nations of
" the Earth to keep Aloof from the mighty Ruin."

Abbe Maury's Speech to the National Assembly.

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THE
BLOODY BUOY

GEORGE MONTAGUE

THE BLOODY BUOY
A NOVEL
IN THREE VOLUMES
BY
GEORGE MONTAGUE
ESQ.
OF THE BARR



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DEDICATION.

To all the just and humane people in the United States of America, of whatever sect or nation, this work is most respectfully dedicated, by their

Obliged and

Humble Servant,

P. PORCUPINE.

DEDICATION.

To all the faithful
people of the United States of
America, we dedicate this work
in token of our affection and
sympathy for their

struggles and

struggles and

P. FORGIVENESS.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE object of the following work is to give the people of this happy land a striking and experimental proof of the horrible effects of anarchy and infidelity.

The necessity of such an undertaking, at this time, would have been, in a great measure, precluded, had our public prints been conducted with that impartiality and undaunted adherence to truth, which the interests of the community and of suffering humanity demanded from them. But, so far from this, the greatest part of those vehicles of information have most industriously concealed, or glossed over, the actions as well as the motives of the ruling powers in France; they have extenuated all their unheard-of acts of tyranny, on the false but specious pretence, that they were conducive to the establishment of a free government; and, one of the editors has not blushed to declare, that “It would be *an easy matter* to apologize for all the massacres that have taken place in that country.”

We have seen, indeed, some exceptions; some few prints that have not dishonoured themselves by going this length: but even these have observed a timid silence, and

have avoided speaking of the shocking barbarities of the French, with as much caution as if we were to partake in the disgrace, and as if it was in our power to hide them from the world and from posterity. If they have now and then given way to a just indignation, this has been done in such a manner, and has been so timid, as to do them but little honour. They have acted the part of the tyrannized people of Paris: they have huzza'd every succeeding tyrant, while on the theatre of power, and, the instant he was transferred to a scaffold, they have covered him with reproach. They have attributed to factions, to individuals, what was the work of the national representatives, and of the nation itself. They have, in short, inveighed against the murderers of the fallen assassins, while they have, in the same breath, applauded the principles on which they acted, and on which their survivors and their partizans do still act.

Thus has the liberty of the press, a liberty of which we so justly boast, been not only useless to us during this terrible convulsion of the civilized world, but has been so perverted as to lead us into errors, which had well nigh plunged us into the situation of our distracted allies. Nor are we yet secure. Disorganizing and blasphemous

principles have been disseminated among us with but too much success; and, unless we profit from the awful example before us, we may yet experience all the calamities that heaven and earth now call on us to deplore.

Fully impressed with this persuasion, the author of these sheets has ventured to undeceive the misguided; to tear aside the veil, and shew to a yet happy people the dangers they have to fear. With this object in view, he has too much confidence in the good sense and piety of the major part of his countrymen, not to be assured, that his efforts will be seconded by their zeal in the cause of order and religion.

The materials for the work have been collected from different publications, *all written by Frenchmen*, and all, except one, from which only a few extracts were made, *printed at Paris*.

Well aware that persons of a certain description will leave nothing untried to discredit a performance of this nature, the author has taken particular care to mention the work, and even the page, from which each fact is extracted.

He foresees that the cant of *modern patriotism* will be poured forth against him on this occasion. He knows that he shall be represented as an enemy of the French na-

tion and of the cause of liberty. To this he will answer before hand, with the frankness of a man who thinks no freedom equal to that of speaking the truth. As to the individuals composing this formerly amiable nation, many of them, and he hopes very many, are still intitled to his love and esteem. He has, from his infancy, been an admirer of their sprightly wit; he owes a thousand obligations to their officious hospitality, and has long boasted of their friendship. But, with respect to the *regenerated* French, he would blush to be thought their friend, after what he has recorded in this volume.—And, as to the cause of liberty, if that cause is to be maintained by falsehood, blasphemy, robbery, violation and murder, he is, and trusts he ever shall be, its avowed and mortal enemy.

THE
BLOODY BUOY, &c.

CHAP. I.

FACTS taken from *L'Histoire du Clergé François*, or, *The History of the French Clergy*,
by the Abbé Barruel.

IT will be recollected by the greatest part of my readers, that, soon after the beginning of the French Revolution, the National Assembly conceived the plan of destroying the religion of their forefathers. In order to effect this they separated the Gallican church from that of Rome, and imposed an oath on the clergy, which they could not take, without becoming apostates in the fullest sense of the word. All the worthy and conscientious part of that body

refused of course, and this refusal was made a pretext to drive them from their livings, and fill the vacancies with such as had more pliant consciences, principles better adapted to the impious system, which the leaders in the Assembly had prepared for their too credulous countrymen.

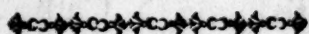
The ejection of the priesthood was attended with numberless acts of most atrocious and wanton cruelty: these have been recorded by the *Abbé Barruel*, in a work entitled, *The History of the French Clergy*; and, though what is here to be found will dwindle into nothing, when compared to what I have extracted from other works, yet it could not be wholly omitted, without showing a degree of insensibility for the sufferings of these men, that I am persuaded the reader would not have excused. I shall therefore begin the relation with some extracts from that work.

It will be observed, that these extracts, as well as all those that compose this compilation, are an abridged translation from the French; but, as far as relates to those contained in this chapter, the American reader may easily verify the translation by examining the English edition of the *Abbé Barruel's* work, which is to be found in most parts of the Union.

Soon after the first National Assembly had decreed, that the Comtat of Avignon belonged to the French nation, an army of assassins, of whom one Jourdan, sur-named the Cut-throat, was the commander, took possession of the unfortunate city of Avignon. The churches were immediately pillaged, the sacred vases profaned and carried off, and the altars levelled to the ground. The prisons were soon filled, and the unhappy victims were released only to suffer death. A deep pit was dug to receive their dead bodies, six hundred of which were thrown into it, mangled and distorted, before ten o'clock the next day. Among them was Mr. Nolhac, a priest, in the eightieth year of his age. He had been thirty years rector of St. Symphorien, a parish which he preferred to all others; and which he could not be prevailed on to quit for a more lucrative one, because he would not desert the poor. During his rectorship he had been the common father of his parishioners, the refuge of the indigent, the comforter of the afflicted, and the friend and counsellor of every honest man. When the hour of danger approached, his friends advised him to fly; but no intreaties could

prevail on him to abandon his flock: "No," said the good old man, "I have watched
 " over them in the halcyon days of peace,
 " and shall I now leave them midst storms
 " and tempests, without a guide; without
 " any one to comfort them in their last
 " dreary moments?"—Mr. Nolhac, who, till
 now, had been respected even by the Cut-
 throats, was sent to the prison the evening
 before the execution. His appearance and
 his salutation, were those of a consoling an-
 gel: "I come, my children, to die with
 " you: we shall soon appear in the presence
 " of that God whom we serve, and who will
 " not desert us in the hour of death." He
 fortified their drooping courage, administered
 the last consolatory pledges of his love, and,
 the next day embraced and cheered each in-
 dividual as he was called forth by the mur-
 derers. Two of these stood at the door with
 a bar of iron in their hands, and as the pri-
 soners advanced knocked them down: the
 bodies were then delivered over to the
 other ruffians, who hacked and disfigured
 them with their sabres, before they threw
 them into the pit, that they might not after-
 wards be known by their friends and re-
 lations.—When the Cut-throats were dis-
 persed, every one was anxious to find the body
 of Mr. Nolhac. It was at last discovered
 by the cassock, and the crucifix which he

wore on his breast. It had been pierced in fifty places, and the skull was mashed to pieces.

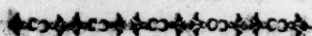


PAGE 210.

Several priests were conducted to Lagrave, where they were told that they must take the oath,* or suffer death. Among them was Sulpician of 98 years of age, and a young Abbé of the name of Novi. The whole chose death, the venerable Sulpician leading the way. The trial of Mr. Novi was particularly severe. The ruffians brought his father to the spot, and told him, if he could persuade his son to swear, he should live. The tender old man, wavering, hesitating between the feelings of nature and the duties of religion, at last yields to parental fondness, throws his arms round his child's neck, buries his face in his bosom, and with tears and sobs presses his compliance. "Oh! my child, my child, spare the life of your Father!"—"My dearest Fa-

* This oath amounted to neither more nor less than direct perjury, since, by taking it, they must break the oath they had made when they entered the priesthood.

“ther!—My dearest Father,” returned the Abbe, “I will do more. I will do more. I will die worthy of you and my God. You educated me a Catholic: I am a priest, a servant of the Lord. It will be a greater comfort to you, in your gray hairs, to have your son a martyr than an apostate.”—The villains tear them asunder, and amidst the cries and lamentations of the father, extend the son before him a bleeding corps.



PAGE 211.

In the same town, and on the same day, the axe was suspended over the head of Mr. Teron, when the revolutionists bethought them that he had a son. This son was about ten years of age, and, in order to enjoy the father's torments, and the child's tears both at a time, he was brought to the place of execution. His tears and cries gave a relish to the ferocious banquet. After tiring themselves with the spectacle, they put the father to death before the eyes of the child, whom they besmeared with his blood.

After having spoken of the conduct of the magistrates and mob at Bourdeaux, the historian mentions the death of Mr. Langoiran and the Abbé Dupuis, thus.

At the entrance of the court-house, the Abbé Dupuis received a first wound; others soon levelled him to the ground. A young lad, of about fifteen or sixteen, cut a hole in the cheek with a knife, to hold up the head by, while others were employed in haggling it from the body, which was still in agonies. This operation not succeeding in such a crowd, they took hold of the legs, and dragged the carcase about the streets and round the ramparts.

Mr. Langoiran had but just set his foot on the first step of the stairs, when he was knocked down. His head was hacked off in an instant, and a ruffian held it up, crying aloud: "off with your hats! long live the nation." The bareheaded populace answered: "long live the nation." The head was then carried round the town in signal of a triumph, gained by a tumultuous populace and ten thousand soldiers under arms, over a poor defenceless priest.

PAGE 218.

The 14th of July, so famous in the annals of the Revolution, was this year celebrated at Limoges, by the death of Mr. Chabrol. He was a most useful member of society; distinguished round his neighbourhood as a bone-setter; he was at once the surgeon and the pastor of his parishioners; and among his murderers were some of those who owed to him the use of their limbs. He was of a quick and impetuous temper, and indued with uncommon bodily strength. His death certainly was not that of a christian martyr; but it deserves particular notice, as a striking proof of the cowardly ferocity of the French populace.

He had taken shelter at a magistrate's, and begged leave to elude the mob by going out of the house the back way; but the magistrate durst not comply. He was forced to face his blood-thirsty pursuers. The indignant priest met them at the door; the attack instantly began. Without a single weapon of defence, he had to encounter hundreds of the mob, armed with clubs, guns, sabres, and knives; but, notwithstanding the amazing inequality, he held them a long time at bay. Some he felled to the ground, others ran from him; he tore a bayonet out of his

flesh, and stabbing it into the breast of his adversary, sent him to die among the crowd. At last, weakened with the loss of blood, he falls, and the base and merciless scoundrels cry, *to the lamp-post*. The idea of hanging reanimates the remaining drops in his veins. He rises upon his legs for the last time; but numbers prevailed; again he falls, covered with wounds, and expires. His last groan is followed by the ferocious howl of *victory*; the dastardly assassins set no bounds to their insults; they cut and hacked his body to pieces, and wrangled for the property of his ragged and bloody cassock.



PAGE 268.

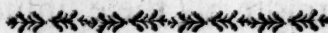
As soon as the unfortunate Louis XVI. had been transferred from his throne to a loathsome prison, the National Assembly formed a plan for the total extirpation of the priests, and with them the Christian Religion. The ministers of the altar were seized and thrown into prison, or transported, from every part of the country. At Paris about three hundred of them were shut up, in order to be massacred, and were actually put to death during the first and second weeks of September, 1792.

About one hundred and eighty of these unhappy men were confined in the convent of the Carmelites. A troop of assassins commenced the massacre in the garden, where the priests were permitted to take the air; but while they were proceeding, a commissary arrived, and informed them that the work was not to go on that way. There were now about a hundred left alive, who were all ordered into the sanctuary of the church; but, to get thither, they had to pass through a crowd of their murderers. One received a ball, another a blow, and another a stab: so that, when arrived in the sanctuary, they presented a scene, the most heart-piercing that eyes ever beheld. Some were dragged in wounded, others quite dead. Even here, though surrounded by a detachment of soldiers, the blood-thirsty mob rushed in upon them, and murdered several at the very altar. The sanctuary of a Christian church was, for the first time since the blessed Redeemer appeared among men, filled with a promiscuous group of the living, the dying, and the dead. The marble pavement was covered with dirt and gore and mangled carcases, and the sides of the altar splashed with blood and brains.

The soldiers had not been brought to save the lives of the priests: the commissary who headed them was to execute a plan of more deliberate murder. The surviving

priests were called out two at a time, and murdered in the presence of the commissary, who took their names down in a book, as he was answerable for their assassination. Of all that were found here, only four or five escaped.—The like undistinguished carnage was exhibited at the other prisons.

Every one of these men might have saved his life by taking the proffered oath, yet not one of them condescended to do it. Let the infidel show us, if he can, any thing like this in the annals of his impious sect.



PAGE 318.

At the gate of the prison of La Force, the assassins were placed in two rows: the two ruffians, called judges, who gave the signal of death, were placed at the gate; and, as soon as the prisoner passed them, the assassins dispatched him with their knives or sabres, throwing the bodies in a heap at the end of the line. At the foot of this trophy of dead bodies, says the historian, we must now exhibit a scene of a different kind, in the murder of the princess of Lamballe. She had retired in safety to London; but her attachment to the royal family would not suffer her to remain in her asylum, while they were

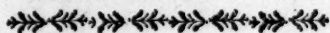
exposed. Her fidelity was a crime that the infidelity of her enemies could never forgive.

When this illustrious victim was brought forth, she was asked to swear an eternal hatred to the king, the queen, and to royalty. "The oath," said she, "is foreign to the sentiments of my heart, and I will never take it."—She was instantly delivered over to the ministers of death. These ruffians pretend to caress her, stroke her cheeks with their hands yet reeking with human blood, and thus conduct her along the line. Amidst all these insults her courage never deserted her. When arrived at the heap of dead bodies, she was ordered to kneel, and ask pardon of the nation: "I have never injured the nation," she replied, "nor will I ask it's pardon."—"Down," said they, "and ask pardon, if you wish to live." "No," said she, "I scorn to ask pardon from assassins that call themselves the nation: I will never bend my knee, or accept of a favour at such hands."

Her soul was superior to fear. "Kneel and ask pardon," was heard from a thousand voices, but in vain. Two of the assassins now seized her arms, and, pulling her from side to side, nearly dislocated her shoulders. "Go on, scoundrels," said the heroic prin-

cess, " I will ask no pardon."—In a rage to see themselves thus overcome by the constancy of a woman, they dashed her down, and rushed in upon her with their knives and poignards. Her head soon appeared hoisted upon a liberty pike, and her heart, after *being bit* by one of the ruffians, was put into a bason. Both were carried in triumph through the streets of Paris. At last, after having feasted the eyes of the multitude, the bearers took them to the Temple, now become a prison, where one of the two commissaries that guarded the king, called him to the window, that he might see it; but his companion, a little more humane, prevented the unfortunate monarch from approaching. A fainting fit, from hearing of the event, fortunately saved the queen from the heart-rending sight.

The body, stripped naked and the bowels hanging out, was exposed to view on the top of the murdered victim, where it remained till the massacre was over.



PAGE 327.

A great fire was made in the Place-Dauphine, at which many, both men and women, were roasted. The Countess of Perig-

C

nan with her three daughters were dragged thither. They were stripped, rubbed over with oil, and then put to the fire. The eldest of the daughters, who was fifteen, begged them to put an end to the torments, and a young fellow shot her through the head. The cannibals, who were shouting and dancing round the fire, enraged to see themselves thus deprived of the pleasure of hearing her cries, seized the too merciful murderer, and threw him into the flames.

When the Countess was dead, they brought six priests, and cutting off some of the roasted flesh, presented them each a piece to eat. They shut their eyes, and made no answer. The oldest of the priests was then stripped, and tied opposite the fire. The mob told the others, that perhaps they might prefer the relish of a priest's flesh to that of a Countess; but they suddenly rushed into the flames. The barbarians tore them out to prolong their torments; not, however, before they were dead, and beyond the reach even of Parisian cruelty.



PAGE 328.

On Monday, September 3, at ten o'clock in the evening, a man, or rather a monster,

named Philip, living in the street of the Temple, came to the Jacobin Club, of which he was a member; and, with a box in his hand, mounted the tribune. Here he made a long speech on patriotism, concluding by a declaration, that he looked upon every one who preferred the ties of blood and of nature to that of patriotic duty, as an aristocrat worthy of death; and, to convince them of the purity and sincerity of his own principles, he opened the box, and held up, by the grey hair, the bloody and shrivelled heads of his father and mother, "which I have cut off," said the impious wretch, "because they obstinately persisted in not hearing mass from a constitutional priest*." The speech of this parricide received the loudest applauses; and the two heads were ordered to be buried beneath the busts of Ankerstorn and Brutus, behind the president's chair †.

* That is one of the apostates.

† According to Monsieur Peltier, in his picture of Paris, the number of persons murdered in the different prisons of that city, from Sunday the 2d to Friday the 7th of September 1792, amounted to 1,005. To these, he says, should be added the poor creatures who were put to death in the hospital of Bicetre, and in the yards of la Salpetriere; those who were drowned at the hospital of la Force; and all those who were dragged out of

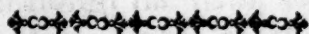
The last fact related is of such a horrid nature, that, though so well authenticated, it would almost stagger our belief, had we not proof of so many others, which equal, if not surpass it. I shall here extract one from *La Conjuration de Maximilien Robespierre*, a work published at Paris in the year 1795.

The author, after speaking of the unnatural ferociousness which the revolution had produced in the hearts of the people, says (page 162) I will here give a proof, and a shocking one it is.—Garnier of Orleans had a son, who had been intended for the priesthood, and had been initiated in the sub-deaconship; consequently he was attached to the Christian faith. His father one day seized him by the throat, and led him to the revolutionary tribunal, where he was instantly condemned; nor would the barbarous father quit his child till he saw his head severed from his body. After the execution was over, the tribunal, ever as capricious as bloody, feigned remorse, and were proceeding to condemn the father; but the National Convention, informed of the affair, annulled the process, and publicly

the dungeons of the Conciergerie and the Chatelet, to be butchered on the Pont-au-Change, which may be computed, without exaggeration, at 8,000 individuals.

applauded the conduct of the unnatural father, as an imitator of the republican Brutus.

In the extracts from the history of the French clergy, the proposed limits of this work has obliged me to forego the pleasure of mentioning a great number of facts, which reflect infinite honour on that calumniated and unfortunate body of men, as well as on the Christian religion. The following trait, however, I cannot prevail on myself to omit.



PAGE 341.

At Rheims lived a man, who, from the number of his years, might be called the dean of Christendom; and, from the fame of his virtues, the priest, by excellence. He had long been known by no other name than that of the holy priest. This was Mr. Pacquot, rector of St. John's. When the revolutionary assassins broke into his oratory, they found him on his knees. A true and faithful disciple of Jesus Christ, he yielded himself into the hands of his executioners without so much as a murmur, and suffered himself to be led before the fero-

cious magistrate, as a lamb to the slaughter. He crossed the street singing the psalms of David, while the sanguinary ruffians that conducted him, endeavoured to drown his voice by their blasphemies. At the threshold of the town-hall an attempt was made to murder him, but the mayor interfered, saying to the people, "What are you about?" "This old fellow is beneath notice. He is a fool: fanaticism has turned his brain." These words roused the venerable old man. "No, Sir," says he, "I am neither a fool nor a fanatic, nor shall my life take refuge under such an ignominious shelter. I wish you to know, that I was never more in my sober senses. These men have tendered me an oath, decreed by the National Assembly. I am well acquainted with the nature of this oath: I know that it is impious, and subversive of religion. They leave me the choice of the oath or death, and I choose the latter. I hope, Sir, I have convinced you that I am in my senses, and know perfectly well what I am about."—The nettled magistrate immediately abandoned him to the mob. "Which of you," said the old man, "is to have the patriotic honour of being my murderer?"—"I am," says a man who moved in a sphere that ought to have distinguished him from a

horde of ruffians. " Let me embrace you, " then," says Mr. Pacquot; which he actually did, and prayed to God to forgive him. This done, the hard-hearted villain gave him the **first** blow, and his companions buried their bayonets in his emaciated breast.

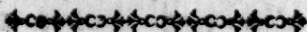
The reader's heart, I hope, will teach him the love and veneration, that every Christian ought to feel for the memory of this evangelical old man.

If the death of all the murdered priests was not marked with such unequivocal proofs of constancy and fidelity as that of Mr. Pacquot, it was, perhaps, because a like opportunity did not always present itself. One thing we know; that, by taking an oath contrary to their faith, they might not only have escaped the knives of their assassins, but might have enjoyed an annual income. Their refusing to do this is an incontrovertible testimony, that they were no impostors or hypocrites, but sincere believers of the religion they taught, and that they valued that religion more than life itself; and, this is the best answer that can possibly be given to all the scandalous and atrocious calumnies that their enemies and the enemies of Christianity have vomited forth against them.

CHAP. II.

FACTS taken from *La Relation des Cruautés, commises dans les Lyonnais.*

THE next work that presents itself, following the chronological order, is *La Relation des Cruautés, commises dans les Lyonnais*, or *The Relation of the Cruelties, committed in the Lyonneſe.*



PAGE 37.

The grand ſcene of deſtruction and maſſacre was opened in the once-flouriſhing and opulent city of Lyons, by a public profanation of all thoſe things that had been looked upon as ſacred. The murderers in chief, choſen from among the members of the National Convention, were a play-actor and a man who, under the old government, had been a bum-bailiff. Their firſt ſtep was to brutify the minds of the populace; to extinguish the remaining ſparks of humanity and religion, by teaching them to ſet heaven and an hereafter at defiance; in order to

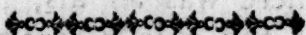
prepare them for the massacres, which they were commissioned to execute.

A mock procession was formed, in imitation of those observed by the Catholic church. It was headed by a troop of men bearing in their hands the chalices and other vases which had been taken from the plundered churches. At the head of the procession there was an ass, dressed in the vestments of the priests that the revolutionary army had murdered in the neighbourhood of the city, with a mitre on his head. This beast, a beast of the same kind on which our Redeemer rode, now bore a load of crucifixes, and other symbols of the Christian religion; having the old and new testament tied to his tail. When this procession came to the spot which had been fixed on for the purpose, the bible was burnt, and the ass given to drink out of the sacramental cup, amidst the shouts and rejoicing of the blasphemous assistants.

Such a beginning plainly foretold what was to follow. An undistinguished butchery of all the rich immediately commenced. Hundreds of persons, women as well as men, were taken out of the city at a time, tied to trees, shot to death, stabbed, or else knocked on the head. In the city the guillotine never ceased a moment; it was shifted three times; holes were dug at each place to re-

ceive the blood, and yet it ran in the gutters.

It were impossible to describe this scene of carnage, or to give an account of each act of the, till now, unheard-of barbarity: two or three, however, demand a particular mention.

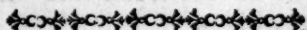


PAGE 39.

Madame Luras, hearing that her husband was condemned, went, accompanied with her ten children, and threw herself on her knees before the ferocious Collot D'Herbois, one of the members of the Convention; but no mercy could be expected from a wretch whose business it was to kill. She followed her beloved husband to the place of execution, surrounded with her weeping offspring. On seeing him fall, her cries and the wildness of her looks but too plainly foretold her approaching end. She was seized with the pains of a premature childbirth, and was carried home to her house, where a commissary soon after arrived, drove her from her bed and her house, from the door of which she fell dead into the street.

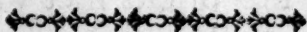
PAGE 41.

Two women who had persisted in asking the life of their husbands, were tied, during six hours, to the posts of the guillotine. Their own husbands were executed before their eyes, and their blood sprinkled over them.



PAGE 42.

Miss Servan, a young lady of about eighteen, was put to death because she would not discover the retreat of her father.



PAGE 47.

Madam Cochet was condemned for having put the match to a cannon during the siege, and for having assisted in her husband's escape. She was declared, by two surgeons, to be with child; but this was a reason of little weight with men whom we shall by-and-by see murdering infants, and even ripping them from the womb. She was instantly executed.

PAGE 104.

During this murderous work the city of Lyons was struck with terror. The members of the convention stuck up a proclamation, declaring all those, who should express the least symptom of pity, *suspected persons*. When the blood had in some measure, cea-

fed to flow, and the affrighted inhabitants ventured out of their houses, they were seen walking along the streets with their eyes fixed on the ground: men no longer stopped, shook hands, and gave each other good morrow. The fear of death was stamped on every face: children durst not ask after their parents, nor parents ask after their children.

The villages round about shared in the fate of the city. An apostate priest conducted a gang of ruffians, who carried fire and death before them among those good people, whose only crime was giving shelter to persons escaped from the massacre. The charitable host and his affrighted guest were butchered together beneath the hospitable roof, while the wives and daughters were reserved to satisfy the brutal appetites of the murderers.

In vain should I attempt to give the reader an adequate idea of the crimes committed, by the order of the Convention, in this part of France. The author of *La Conjuraction de Robespierre* says (page 159) that in the space of a few months, the number of persons, who were murdered in the Lyonnese and in the surrounding forests, amounted to two hundred thousand.

I shall conclude this chapter with a fact or two taken from *La Conjuraton de Robespierre*.



PAGE 210.

Though no torments could go beyond the merits of Robespierre and his colleagues, yet, even in the execution of these monsters, the Parisians discovered such traits of ferociousness as fully proved, that these groveling tyrants had done no more than what they themselves would have done, had they been in their places.

Robespierre had been wounded in his head and face; his jaws were held together with bandages; and the executioner, before he placed his neck under the guillotine, suddenly tore off the bandages, letting his under jaw fall, while the blood streamed down his breast. The poor deserted wretch was kept some time in this frightful state, while the air resounded with the acclamations of the barbarous populace.



PAGE 209.

Henriot had no other cloaths on but a shirt and a waistcoat, covered with dirt and

blood. His hair was clotted, and his assassinating hands were now stained with his own gore. He had been wounded all over, one eye he kept shut, while the other was started from its socket, and held only by the fibres. This horrid spectacle, from which the imagination turns with disgust and affright, excited the joy, and even the mirth of the Parisians. "Look at the scoundrel," said they, "just as he was when he assisted in murdering the priests." The people called on the carts to stop, and a group of *women* performed a *dance* round that in which the capital offenders rode.—When Henriot was stepping from the cart to the scaffold, one of the under-executioners, to divert the spectators, tore out the eye that was already loose.—What a hard-hearted wretch must he be who could perform an action like this? and to what a degree of baseness and ferocity must that people be arrived, who could thus be diverted?



PAGE 163.

We shall not be surprized that this thirst for human blood, and delight in beholding the torments of the dying, were

become so prevalent, when we know, that *mock executions* was become a *sport*. The women suspended to the necks of their sucking infants, corals, made in the shape of the guillotine; which the child, by the means of a spring, played as perfectly as the bloody executioner himself.



PAGE 161.

What could be expected from an education like this? What could be expected from children who were taught to use an instrument of ignominious death as a plaything; who were taught to laugh at the screams of the dying, and who, in a manner, sucked in blood with their mothers' milk? When assassinations became the sports of children, it was no wonder that the sentiments of nature were extinguished, and that perfidy and inhumanity took place of gratitude, filial piety, and all the tender affections.

What I am now going to relate, the mothers of future generations will hear with affright.—A child of ten years of age had been scolded, perhaps whipped, by his mother. He ran to the revolutionary tribunal, and accused her of being still attached

to the Catholic religion. The accusation was admitted, the boy recompensed, and the mother executed in a few hours afterwards.

Tell us, ye mothers, for you only can know, what this poor creature must feel at seeing herself betrayed, and ready to be deprived of life, by the child she had borne in her womb, who but the other day hung at her breast, and for whom alone, perhaps, she wished to live.



PAGE 162.

In short, says the author, men contracted such a taste as excites horror even to believe it possible. God forbid that I should enter into particulars on this subject. The bowels of the reader would not permit him to proceed. Suffice it to say, that we have seen the time, when man was becoming the *food* of man. *Those who practised anatomy* during the reign of terror, know but too well what I could say here, if compassion for the feelings of my readers did not prevent me.

I cannot quit these facts without once more referring the reader to the work, from

which this is taken. D. 3

which I have selected them. I wish him not to depend on my veracity, for the truth of what he may find in a book written on the scene. *La Conjuration de Robespierre* is to be had almost any where : I have seen above a dozen copies of it in the hands of different persons. It was, as I have already said, published at Paris, and, therefore, we may rest assured, that the author has not exaggerated ; but, on the contrary, we see by the last article here quoted, that he was afraid to say all that truth would have warranted.



CH A P. III.

FACTS selected from the *Procès Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionnaire de Nantes, et du ci-devant Representant du Peuple Carrier* ; or, *Trial of the Members of the Revolutionary Committee at Nantz, and of the Representative Carrier.*

THE work which we are now entering on was published at Paris during the last year ; but, as an introduction to the facts

extracted from it, it will be necessary to give the reader a concise sketch of the progress of the Revolution down to the epoch when the work was published.

The States-General, consisting of the three orders, the Nobility, the Clergy, and the Tiers-Etats, or Commonalty, were assembled on the 4th of May, 1789. The deputies were all furnished with written instructions, in which they were positively enjoined to make no innovations as to the form of government. Notwithstanding this, it is well known, they framed a constitution by which the government was totally changed, the nobility abolished, and the church rent from that of Rome. Their constitution, however, though established at the expence of thousands of lives, and though one of the most ridiculous systems of government that ever was invented, did not fail to meet with partizans; and we have heard it extolled in this country as the master-piece of human wisdom.

This first Assembly, which has been commonly called the Constituent Assembly, ended its beneficent labours on the 30th of September, 1791, and was immediately succeeded by another, which took the name of the Legislative Assembly. Most men of sense foresaw that the second Assembly would improve upon the plan of destruction marked

out by the first. The Clergy and many men of family and fortune had been already driven from their homes and possessions, it remained for the Legislative Assembly to finish the work by seizing on their property and exposing it to sale : this they failed not to do. Persecution and massacre increased daily ; but as the small remains of power left in the hands of the king was still an obstacle, or rather the monarchy itself was an obstacle, they were determined to get rid of it. On the 10th of August, 1792, the king was dethroned (his fate is well known) and the daggers of the assassins were from that moment drawn, never more to be sheathed, but in the heart of some innocent victim. We have already seen something of the massacres which followed this event at Paris and other places ; but even these are trifles to what was to follow.

On the 21st of September, 1792, the third Assembly, generally called the National Conventional, opened their sessions, and, though every individual member had repeatedly taken an oath to maintain the authority of the king, they at once declared France to be a republic.

After the murder of the king, this Convention declared war against a great part of the powers of Europe ; and, in order to be in a situation to make head against their

enemies, seized on all the precious metals in the country, or rather they enacted such laws as obliged the poor oppressed people to bring it to their treasury, and receive in exchange a vile and worthless paper money. The churches were instantly pillaged, and no person dared appear with a watch, or any other article in gold or silver.

The violation of property was only a part of their plan. The hearts of the lower orders of the people were to be hardened; they were to be rendered brutal; all fear of an hereafter was to be rooted from their souls, before they could be fit instruments in the hands of this hellish Assembly. With this object in view, they declared our blessed Lord and Redeemer to be an impostor, forbade the acknowledgement of him, and the exercise of his worship. The churches were turned into prisons, stables, &c. and over the gateways of the burial-grounds were written: "This is the place of *eternal sleep*." Never surely was there a better plan for transforming a civilized people into a horde of cut-throats. It succeeded compleatly. The blood now flowed at Paris in an unceasing stream. A permanent tribunal was established, whose only business was to condemn, and certify to the Convention that the executions went on according to the lists sent from its committees.

Besides legions of executioners there were others of assassins. The command of these latter was given to those members of the Convention who were sent into the different parts of the country. Terror preceded these harbingers of death, and their footsteps were marked with blood. The sword, the fire, and the water, all became instruments of destruction.

During this murdering time, which has justly assumed the name of the *reign of terror*, the leaders of several factions of the revolutionists themselves received their reward on a scaffold, and, among others, Robespierre and his accomplices. When these men fell, the Convention, according to its usual custom, ascribed all the cruelties, committed during some time before their death, to them alone, and the people, always eager for blood, now demanded the heads of those whom they had assisted in the murder of their countrymen. By sacrificing these its instruments, the Convention saw a fair opportunity for removing the infamy from itself, and of perpetuating its power. In consequence, many of them were tried and executed, and among others Carrier (a member of the Convention) who had been stationed at Nantz, with the members of the revolutionary committee of that unfortunate town. From the trial of these

men it is that I have selected the facts which are to compose this chapter. The trial was before the tribunal at Paris, to which place the accused were carried from Nantz.

It has been repeatedly asserted, by those who seem to have more attachment to the cause of the French than to that of truth, that the barbarities committed in that country, have been by the hands of foreigners. Such a story is impossible, and even ridiculous ; but, however, it has induced me to insert here a list of the barbarous wretches who were so long the scourge of the city of Nantz, from which it will appear, that they were all Frenchmen born and bred. This is an act of Justice due to other nations.

Members of the Convention on mission at Nantz.

Carrier, *born in Gascogne.*

Members of the Revolutionary Committee at Nantz.

Goulin	} <i>born at Nantz.</i>
Chaux	
Grand-Maison	
Bachelier	
Perrochaux	
Mainguet	
Naud	
Gallen	
Duraffier	

Leveque, *born at Mayenne.*

Bologne, *born at Paris.*

Battalié, *born at Charité-sur Loire.*

Joly, *born at Angerville-la-Martel.*

Pinard, *born at Christophe-Dubois.*

Carrier was the great mover, the assassin-general; the committee were his agents. Some of them were always assembled in their hall, to give directions to the under-murderers, while the others took repose, or were dispatched on important expeditions, such as the shooting or drowning of hundreds at a time. They stood in need, however, of subaltern cut-throats, more determined and bloody than the people in general; and therefore they raised a company, who took the title of the company of Marat, composed of the vilest wretches that were to be found. These being assembled together took the following oath before their employers.



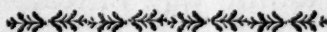
VOL. IV. PAGE 203.

I swear, to pursue unto death, all *royalists*, *fanatics* (Christians*) *gentlemen* (the French

* *Fanatic* is the name now given to all who remain attached to the Christian Religion.

word is *muscadin*, which means a *gentleman*, or *well-dressed man*) and *moderates* (moderate people) under whatever colour, mask, or form, they may appear.

I swear, to spare neither *parents* nor *relations*; to sacrifice my personal interests, and even friendship itself; and to acknowledge for parents, brothers and friends, nobody but the patriots, the ardent defenders of the republic.



Pity with me, reader, the poor unhappy people that were to become the prey of a set of blood-hounds like these. Pity the aged parents and the helpless babes, that were to bleed beneath their merciless sabres. If you are not endowed with uncommon fortitude, I could almost advise you to advance no further: fifty times has the pen dropped from my trembling hand: Oh! how I pity the historian that is to hand these bloody deeds down to our shuddering and indignant posterity!

Trenjolly, a witness, informs the tribunal, that the Company of Marat was at first composed of sixty persons ; that Goullin openly proposed that none but the most infamous villains should be admitted into it ; and, at each nomination, cried out, “ Is there no “ greater scoundrel to be found ? ”

On the 24th of October, says the witness, I heard Goullin and his colleagues say, that they were going to give a great example ; that the prisoners should be all shot. I attest that this scene was still more horrible than that of the 22^d and 23^d of September. The Company of Marat were carousing round a table, and at the same time it was deliberated whether the prisoners should not be massacred by hundreds. In this deliberation, Goullin was for indiscriminate death : and thus were the prisoners, without ever being interrogated, or heard, condemned to die. There existed no proofs of guilt against these unfortunate prisoners ; they were what were called *suspected persons* ; the felons, and all *real* criminals were set at liberty.

Carrier, in quality of member of the Convention, had placed a vile wretch at Pain-bœuf, named Foucault, to whom he gave an absolute power of life and death.

VOL. I. PAGE 68.

Old men, women with child, and children, were drowned, no distinction. They were put on board of lighters, which were railed round to keep the prisoners from jumping overboard if they should happen to disengage themselves. There were plugs made in the bottom, or sides, which being pulled out, the lighter sunk, and all in it were drowned. These expeditions were first carried on by night, but the sun soon beheld the murderous work. At first the prisoners were drowned in their cloaths; this, however, appeared too merciful; to expose the two sexes naked before each other was a pleasure that the russians could not forego.

I must now, says the witness, speak of a new sort of cruelty. The young men and women were picked out from among the mass of sufferers, stripped naked, and tied together, face to face. After being kept in this situation about an hour, they were put into an open lighter; and, after receiving several blows on the skull with the butt of a musket, thrown into the water. These were called *republican marriages*.

VOL. I. PAGE 72.

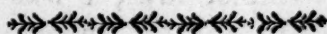
On the 26th of October, Carrier, the member of the Convention, ordered me (the witness was a judge of some sort) to guillotine indiscriminately all the Vendéans who came to give themselves up. I refused; but the representative of the people promised that his prey should not escape him thus. In short, on the 29th, he had guillotined twenty-seven Vendéans, among whom were children of thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen years of age, and seven young women, the oldest of which was not above twenty-nine. On the same day twenty other persons were executed without trial.



VOL. I. PAGE 76.

Carrier, the bloodiest of the bloody, harangued his agents sword in hand; he ordered a woman to be shot at her window, merely because she looked at him; he chose, from among the female prisoners, those whom he thought worthy of his foul embraces; and, after being fatiated with their charms, sent them to the guillotine.

Observe well, reader, that this was a *member of the National Convention, a representative of the people, a law-giver.*



VOL. IV. PAGE 155.

I think it necessary to bring in here a deposition or two from the third and fourth volumes of the trial, as they will show at once the pretended and real motives of the member of the convention and his committee.

Jomard, a witness, declares that, when the general was beat at Nantz, and the seizure of *suspected persons* began, nobody belived any thing of a conspiracy against the republic. As a clear proof of this, adds *Jomard*, Richard, one of the agents of the revolutionary committee, wrote to his friend Crespin, telling him that he had left the company of Marat without arms; but that means were found out to arm the patriots and disarm the *suspected*. The generale, adds Richard, is now beating; but do not frighten yourself; I will tell you the reason of *this at your return.*

VOL. III. PAGE 58.

Latour, a witness, says, I was sick ; *Dulny*, who was my doctor, informed me that *Goudet*, public accuser, had let him into an important secret ; which was, that *Carrier* and the revolutionary committee not knowing how to squeeze the rich, had fell upon a plan to imprison them, while they seized on their effects. In order to have a pretext for doing this, said *Goudet*, we shall give out, that there exists a conspiracy against the republic. I am to make the general beat early in the morning. The *sans-culottes* *, informed beforehand, are to parade at their different posts ; the rich and the timid will, according to custom, remain in their houses ; to these houses the *sans-culottes* are to repair, pillage all they have, and convey them to prison.

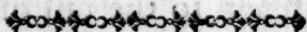
Notwithstanding my illness, I had no inclination to be found at home ; I therefore begged the doctor to give me notice when the affair was to take place, which he promised to do. In three days after he in-

* This degrading term, which is become the glory of modern patriots, literally means, *men without breeches* ; but it was ever used by the French to designate vile, rascally people, the dregs of society ; and as such we ought now to understand it.

formed me that the generale would beat the next morning. In spite of my sickness I went to my post. We were all the day under arms, and a great number of rich people were pillaged and imprisoned, some guillotined.

I attest, adds the witness, that there was not the least appearance of any conspiracy. All was a dead calm; terror and consternation alone reigned in the city. More than three thousand victims to lust and avarice were this day lodged in loathsome dungeons, from whence they were never to be released but to be led to slaughter.

In shall now insert an article or two that will give the reader an idea of the manner of proceeding of these fans-culottes.



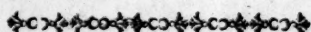
VOL. IV. PAGE 157.

One of the members of the revolutionary committee, with a company of armed ruffians, went to the house of one Careil. They first examined all the papers, took 5000 livres in paper money, and 12 louis d'ors. They returned again in the evening, says the witness, who it seems was mistress of the house; we, at first, took

them for common thieves, and *therefore our alarm was not so great*; but, to our sorrow, we were soon convinced by the voice of Pinard, that they were the Patriots of the revolutionary committee. Our family was composed of women and one old man. There was myself; four sisters-in-law, formerly nuns; two old relations above eighty years of age, and my husband. The house and yard were stripped of every thing, and the ruffians were talking of setting fire to the buildings. One of my sisters had made shift to preserve 800 livres; she offered them these to save the house; they accept the conditions, receive the money, and then burn the house to the ground.

Our persons were now all that remained to be disposed of. There was a one-horse chair; but which was too good for any of us; it was fastened to the tail of a cart into which we were put (my husband an old and infirm man being obliged to walk in the rear) and thus were dragged, preceded by our plundered property, to that gang of cut-throats called the revolutionary committee. Here our complaints were in a moment stifled. Pinard said, that his orders were to burn all and kill all. The committee were astonished and offended at his clemency, and reprimanded him severely for not having murdered us according to his orders.

I, my sisters, and our poor old relations, were send to one prison, and my husband to another. My husband died, and we are only left alive to weep and starve.



It is well worth the reader's while to hear what this Pinard said in his defence, on this head.

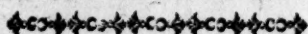


VOL. IV. PAGE 162.

We acted, says he, by the order of the Representative of the People, Carrier. When I went, at my return, to carry him the church-plate that I had taken from the nuns, he would insist upon my drinking out of the chalice (or sacramental cup) and asked me why I had not killed all the damned bitches.

I shall here observe, once for all, that these volumes contain a series of robberies of this sort. Sometimes the plunder was divided among the plunderers, sometimes it was delivered to Carrier, and at others it was deposited with the revolutionary committee. These latter imposed immense taxes, or rather contributions, on the peo-

ple, under pretence of assisting the sans-culottes, but which were applied to their own uses. It is just to observe also, that the tribunal at Paris, before which they were brought to answer for their crimes, appears to have shewn much more anxiety about the gold and silver, than about the lives of the murdered persons.



VOL. V. PAGE 15.

Mariotte, a witness, informs the tribunal that he was detached on a party to seven miles distant from Nantz. The party, says the witness, went into the neighbourhood of the forest of Rincé, and took up their quarters in a house occupied by Mrs. Chauvette. Five days after our arrival, came Pinard, about midnight, and told us that we were in the house of an aristocrat. He bragged of having that evening killed six women, and said that Chauvette should make the seventh. He threatened her, and, to add to her torment, told her to comfort herself, for that her child should die first. It is Pinard, adds he, that now speaks to you; Pinard, that carries on the war against the female sex. I drew my sword, continues the witness, and told Pinard that he should

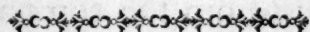
pass over my dead body to come at the woman.

Commerais, who was another of this party, informs the tribunal, that Pinard being thus stopped, Aubinet, one of his companions, said, stand aside while I cut open the guts of that bitch. He did not succeed, however, adds this witness. Now Marieuil came up, and swore he would have her life; but finding us in his way, he said, you look like a good b—ger enough, I have a word to say in your ear.—We only want, says he, to know where she has hidden 60,000 livres belonging to a gentleman in the neighbourhood. I answered, give me your word not to hurt the woman nor her child, and I will bring her forth. He promised, and I brought them out. The woman, seeing that she was conducted to a sort of cellar, cried out, I know I am brought here to be murdered, like the women whose throats were cut in this place yesterday. All the favour I ask, said she, is that you will kill me before you kill my child. She was now questioned about the money; but she continued her protestations of knowing nothing of it. Pinard and Aubinet prepared again to assassinate her; but they did not succeed for this time.

The same witness relates another adventure. When we were going hence, says he, towards the forest of Rincé, we heard a man in a little wood, crying for help. We found Pinard, and two other horsemen, each having a piece of linen under his arm. We left them, and soon after saw two poor peasants running away. In going along among the brushwood, says the witness, I heard something rustle almost under my feet: I knocked the bushes aside with my musket; what should it be but two children. I gave one of them, who was seven years old, into the care of Cedré, and kept the other, of five years old, myself. They both cried bitterly. Their cries brought to us two women, their mothers, who were also hid among the bushes; they threw themselves upon their knees, and besought us not to kill their children. In quitting the wood Pinard came up with us, he had several women, whom I saw him chop down, and murder with his sabre. What, says he to me, are you going to do with those two children? stand away, says he, till I blow out their brains. I opposed him, and while we were in dispute, two volunteers brought an old man, stone-blind. This we now

found was the grandfather of the children. Pray, said the poor old man, take my life, and preserve my little darlings. I told him that we would take care of them; he wept and squeezed my hand. This unfortunate old man, adds the witness, was murdered as well as the women.

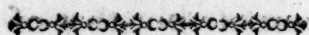
Pinard quitted the high road in returning, for no other purpose but that of murdering. He and his companions killed all they came at, men, women and children of all ages. To justify his barbarity, he produced the decree that ordered him to spare neither sex nor age.



My reader will recollect, that the National Convention of France had abolished *negro-slavery*; and he will also recollect, that the *humanity* of this measure has been much applauded by those who have not penetration enough to see their motive in so doing.

We shall now see what advantage this liberty procured to the unfortunate country-people round Nantz. This city, from it's commercial relations with the West-India islands, always contained a number of blacks who came to wait on their masters, &c. As soon as the decree abolishing negro-slavery appeared, these people claimed their rights as citizens; and, having no em-

ployment, they were taken into the service of the republic, and placed under the orders of the revolutionary committee. A party of these citizens were sent to assist in the murders round the city, and we shall see that they were by no means wanting in obedience to their employers.

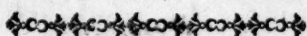


VOL. V. PAGE 90.

An officer, named Ormes, came, says a witness, to ask our assistance in favour of five pretty women, whom the company of *Americans*, (this was the word which had taken place of that of *negroes*, because the Convention had forbidden any one to call them *negroes*.) had reserved for a purpose easily to be guessed at. A party marched off, and soon came to the house where the blacks had lodged the women. The poor creatures were crying and groaning; their shrieks were to be heard at half a mile. The party ordered the door to be opened, which was at last done. They then demanded the women; no, replied the blacks, they are now *our slaves*; we have earned them dear enough, and you shall tear them away limb by limb if you have them. We are told these men, that, *thanks to the salutary decrees of the Con-*

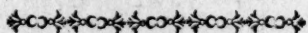
vention, the French empire contained *no slaves*. The brutality of the blacks would not permit them to listen to the voice of reason; they prepared for the *defence of their prey*, when the party, always guided by *prudence*, preferred retiring, to avoid slaughter.

Two days after, continues the witness, the *Americans*, satiated with their captives, left them. One of these women, the handsomest in the eyes of the blacks, had been obliged to endure the approaches of more than a hundred of them. She was fallen into a kind of stupor, and was unable to walk or to stand. The whole five were shot soon after.

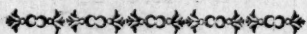


I do not know which is most entitled to our detestation here, the brutal negroes, or the pusillanimous, rascally Frenchmen, who were the witnesses of their horrid deeds. *Prudence* taught these poltroons to retire, when they saw five of their lovely countrywomen exposed to the nauseous embraces of a set of filthy merciless monsters! They saw them bathed in tears, heard their supplicating cries, were shocked at a sight the very idea of which rouses all the feelings of manhood; but *prudence* taught them to retire! — Savage villains! *prudence* never taught you to retire from the drownings and

shootings of poor defenceless innocent priests, and women and children ! It was not till the blacks prepared to *defend their prey*, that *prudence* taught you to retire !



Some of the women, taken in the country, were suffered to die, or rather to be murdered, in a less shocking way.



VOL. V. PAGE 35.

Nantz, 5 Ventose, second year of the French Republic.

Citizen *Malé* is hereby ordered to conduct the forty women, under his *care*, to the top of the cliff *Pierre Moine*, and there throw them head foremost into the sea.

(Signed) FOUCAULT.

We now come to the deposition of *George Thomas*, a health officer, who is one among the few, even of the witnesses, that appears to have preserved some remains of humanity. He tells such a tale of woe as I hope, and am persuaded, the reader's heart will with difficulty support.

VOL. II. PAGE 147.

The revolutionary hospital, says the witness, was totally unprovided with every necessary. The jail-fever made terrible ravages in all the houses of detention ; seventy-five persons, or thereabout, died daily in this hospital. There were nothing but rotten mattrasses, on each of which more than fifty prisoners had breathed their last.

I went to Chaux, one of the committee, to ask for relief for the unhappy wretches that remained here. We cannot do any thing, said Chaux ; but, if you will, you may contribute to the cause of *humanity* by a way that I will point out to you. That rascal Phillippes has 200,000 livres in his clutches which we cannot come at. Now, if you will accuse him in form, and support your accusation by witnesses that I will engage to furnish you with, I will grant you, out of the sum, all that you want for the revolutionary hospital. At the very mention of *humanity* from Chaux I was astounded : the latter part of his proposal, however, brought me back to my man. I rejected it with the indignation that it merited.

I attest, that the revolutionary committee of Nantz seized and imprisoned almost all

those who were esteemed rich, men of talents, virtue and humanity.

I accuse this committee of having ordered, to my knowledge, the shooting or drowning of between four and five hundred children, the oldest of which were not more than fourteen years of age.

Minguet, one of the committee, had given me an order to choose two from among the children, whom I intended to save from death and bring up. I chose one of eleven years old, and another fourteen. The next day I went to the prison, called the *Entrepot*, with several of my friends, whom I had prevailed on to ask for some of these children. When we came, we found the poor little creatures stood no longer in need of our interposition. They were all drowned. I attest, that I saw in this prison, but the evening before, more than four hundred.

Having received an order from the military commissioners to go to the *Entrepot*, to certify as to the pregnancy of a great number of women, I found, in the entering this horrible slaughter-house, a great quantity of dead bodies, thrown here and there. I saw several infants, some yet palpitating, and others drowned in tubs of human excrement. — I hurried along through this scene of horror. My aspect frightened the

women: they had been accustomed to see none but their butchers. I encouraged them; spoke to them the language of humanity. I found that thirty of them were with child; several of them seven or eight months. Some few days after I went again to see these unhappy creatures, whose situation rendered them objects of compassion and tenderness; but—(adds the witness with a faltering voice) shall I tell you, they had been most inhumanly murdered.

The further I advanced, continues the witness, the more was my heart appalled. There were eight hundred women and as many children confined in the *Entrepot* and in the *Mariliere*. There were neither beds, straw, nor necessary vessels. The prisoners were in want of every thing. Doctor Rollin and myself saw five children expire in less than four minutes. They received no kind of nourishment.—We asked the women in the neighbourhood, if they could not lend them some assistance. What would you have us do? said they, Grand-Maison arrests every one that attempts to succour them.

Vol. II. PAGE 156.

The same witness says, I accuse the committee in general of the murder of seven

prisoners, whom, for want of time to examine them, they had hewn down with sabres under the window of their hall.

The witness adds, Carrier and the committee, as well as their under-murderers, used to turn the drownings into jests: they called them *immersions*, *national baptisms*, *vertical transportations*, *bathings*, &c. I entered, says he, one day a public house opposite the Bouffay, where I saw a waterman, named *Perdreau*. He asked me for a pinch of snuff: for, says the ruffian, I have richly earnest it; I have just helped to dispatch seven or eight hundred. How, says I, do you manage to make away with them so fast. Nothing so easy, replied he; when I have a bathing match, I strip them naked, two men with their bayonets push them, tied two and two, into my boat, whence they go soufe into the water, with a broken skull.



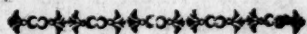
VOL. II. PAGE 151.

Vaujois, a witness, says; I wrote ten times to the administrators of the district, and went often to the revolutionary committee to request, that something should be done for the poor children in prison; but could

obtain nothing. At last I ventured to speak to Carrier, who replied, in a passion; You are a counter-revolutionist: no pity: they are young vipers, that must be destroyed.— If I had acted of myself, says the witness, I should have shared their fate.

One day, in entering the *Entrepot*, a citizen of Nantz saw a great heap of corpses: they were all of children; many were still palpitating and struggling with death. The man looked at them for some time, saw a child move its arm, he seized it, ran home with it, and had the good luck to save it from death, and its more terrible ministers.

Here *Thomas* is again questioned, and he attests, that the revolutionary committee issued an order, commanding all those who had taken children from the prisons, to carry them back again; and this, adds the witness, for the pure pleasure of having them murdered.



VOL. IV. PAGE 245.

Cossirant, a witness, deposes that it was proposed to shoot some of the prisoners *en*

VOL. II. PAGE 244.

Naud, one of the accused, says; I saw a red-headed general, named Hector, at the head of a detachment conducting prisoners to the meadow of the Mauves. Castrie and I followed him. When we came they were preparing to fire; but we made shift to save a few of the children.



VOL I. PAGE 27.

Labenette, a witness, informs the tribunal, that the revolutionary committee ordered to be stuck on all the walls of the city a decree, forbidding all fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, children, relations, or friends, to *solicit* the pardon of any prisoner whatever.

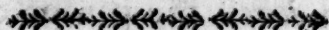
I was also witness of the drowning of ninety priests, two of whom, who were decrepid old men, by some accident or other, escaped, but were retaken and murdered. Indeed, adds this witness, I have been an eye witness of several drownings of men, women with child, girls, boys, infants, indiscriminately. I have also seen of all these descriptions shot in the public square, and

at other places. The national guard of the city was employed during six weeks in filling up the ditches, into which the massacred persons were thrown. I was doctor to one of the prisons, and was like to be displaced, because I was too humane.



VOL. I. PAGE 60.

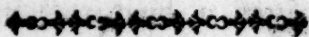
Carrier sent for the president of the military commission. It is you then, says he, Mr. son of a bitch, that has dared to give orders contrary to mine. Mind; if you have not *emptied* the *Entrepot* in two hours, I will have your head, and the heads of all the commission.—It is not necessary to add, that he was obeyed.



VOL. I. PAGE 103.

Tronjolly, a witness, says, that *Chaux* expressed his disapprobation of the law of the 14th of September. It is a great pity, said he, it ever was made; without that, we would have reduced the inhabitants of Nantz to a handful.—Carrier was consulted, adds this witness, with respect to receiving

money to save the lives of the rich; but the merciful representative of the people answered — No compositions; the guillotine; the guillotine; and take their money afterward. — Three women, too charming certainly, since they attracted the desires of the ferocious Carrier, had the misfortune to be chosen for the tyger's pleasures. He first sacrificed them to his brutal lust, and then sent them to augment the *masse* of a massacre.



VOL. II. PAGE 175.

The widow *Dumey*, a witness, says, that she is the widow of the late keeper of the *Entrepot*; that she saw fifty priests brought there, and robbed of all their money and effects; and that they were afterwards drowned, with some women and little children. She adds, twenty-four men and four women were taken out one day. A child of fourteen years was tied with others to be drowned, his cries for his papa were enough to pierce the heart of a tyger; Lambertye tied him, however, and drowned him with the rest.

Fouquet, the companion of Lambertye, said on this occasion, that he had already helped to dispatch nine thousand, and that if they would but let him alone for twenty-four hours, he would sweep all the prisons of Nantz.



VOL. II. PAGE 186.

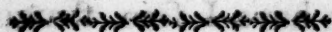
Lacaille, keeper of another prison, called the *Bouffay*, gives a circumstantial account of one of the drownings.

The horrid night, says the witness, of the 23d of October, two soldiers of the company of Marat came to the *Bouffay*, each with a bundle of cords. About nine o'clock they told me there were one hundred and fifty-five prisoners, whom they were to transfer to Belle-Ile, to work at a fortress. About an hour after arrived thirty or forty more of these soldiers. An order from the committee was produced for the delivery of one hundred and fifty-five of my prisoners. I observed to them, that several of the prisoners on the list were now at liberty, or in the hospitals.

They now set down to table, and after having supped, and drank heartily, they brought out their cords, and diverted them-

selves a while in tying each other, as they intended to tie the prisoners. I then conducted them to the rooms where the prisoners were lodged. They instantly fall to work, tying the poor trembling wretches two and two.

Grand-Maison now entered the court yard, and hollowed out to them to dispatch. Goullin came stamping and swearing, because the number on the list could not be compleated, There were so many sick and dead that they could not well be made up. I sent you fifteen this evening, says Goullin, what have you done with them? I told him they were up stairs. Down with them, says he. I obeyed, and they were tied, like the rest. Instead of one hundred and fifty-five, Goullin at last consented to take one hundred and twenty-nine; but this number not being complete, the equitable and tender-hearted Goullin orders the remainder to be taken from the prisoners indistinctly; and when this was done he marches off at the head of the assassins to conduct them to the river, where they were all drowned.



VOL. II. PAGE 204.

The widow *Mallet*, who had first been robbed of her property, and then imprisoned,

gives an account of the manner in which she and her companions in captivity were treated.

I complained, says this poor woman, to Perrocheaux of a violent sore throat. That is good, said he, the guillotine will cure you of that.

One day Jolly asked if I was not the widow Mallet, and giving me a look, that makes me tremble even now, aye, says he, she shall drink out of the great cup.

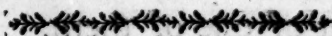
In the house where we were confined, there was a great number of beautiful pictures. Some men were sent one day by the committee to tear them to pieces, which they did, leaving only one which represented *death*, and jeering with savage irony, contemplate that image, said they, to cheer your hearts.

We were in want of every necessary. Seven hundred of us were confined in this house, which, even as a prison, was too small for two hundred. Forty were crammed into one little chamber. During six or seven months we had no infirmary, or rather each apartment was one. The sick and dead were often extended on the floor among the living. How many have I seen struggling in the pangs of death by my side.

Grand Maison told me one day of an old quarrel: times are altered, says he, now I have you under my clutches.

Durassier came one day drunk, and began to make out a list for execution. His oaths and imprecations made us tremble; I was on the fatal list, and I know not how I have escaped.

My old servant went to solicit for my removal, representing me as dangerously ill. Perrocheaux said to her, Let her die, you silly bitch, and then we shall have her house, and you will fare better with us than with her.



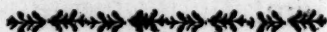
VOL. II. PAGE 215.

Brejos, a witness, says: there were some women going to be shot; one of them had a child of eleven months old at her breast, which the assassins would have shot with its mother, had not a soldier snatched it from her arms. The babe was carried by a woman to Gourlay, a surgeon, who had the compassion to take care of it.

my birds in the cage. I never found love
for the prisoners were, what the devil do
you know? says he, we were prisoners
here, and we are going to send you off to
get it done, that's all.
Crispin said to me, in giving me the

VOL. II. PAGE 217.

Fournies, a witness, says, that there were at one time, to his knowledge, ninety-six priests drowned in the Loire. Adds he, four of them got on board a Dutch sloop lying in the river; but were retaken and drowned the next day. Foucault, in boasting of the second drowning of these priests, showed, in a company where I was, a pair of shoes he then wore, which he had taken from the feet of one of them.



VOL. II. PAGE 220.

Jane Lallies, a young woman, confined on the general accusation of being an aristocrat, informs the tribunal, that she was male cook in the prison. One night, says she, a number of the company of Marat came to the prison. One Girardeau conducted the troop. Come, my lads, says he, I must go and see my birds in the cage. Ducon, seeing some of the prisoners weep, what the devil do you howl for, says he, we want provisions here, and we are going to send you off to get us some, that is all.

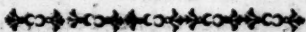
Crespin said to me, in giving me several

blows with his naked sword: march, bitch, light us along: we are masters now: your turn will soon come, when there is no better game.

Come, come, my little singing birds, said Jolly ; out of your nests, and make up your packets, and above all do not forget your pocket-books ; that is the main point ; no cheating the nation. Ducon said aside to Durassier ; are not they finely bit ? Finding they did not prepare themselves quick enough, he adds, come, come, time to dress them, time to shoot them, time to knock their brains out—I think that is plenty of time for them.

Duraffier kept bawling out, quick, b—gers, march. To a sick man, who walked with a stick, he said, you want no stick; march like the rest, b—gers; you shall soon have a stick with a devil to you.

Ducon, as he went away, said to the keeper, good-bye for this time; we shall come again soon to ease you of the rest: I think we have a pretty smart haul for once.—These poor souls were all drowned.



VOL. II. PAGE 222.

Mrs. Picbot, living by the water-side at Nantz, says, that she saw the carpenters

busy constructing the lighters for drowning the prisoners; and soon after, says the witness, I saw, brought to be drowned at the Crepuscule, a great number of women, many of whom had sucking children in their arms. They screamed and cried most piteously. Oh! said they, must we be put to death without being heard!

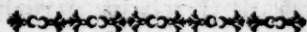
Several poor women of the neighbourhood ran and took a child a piece, and some two from them. Upon this the poor creatures shrieked and tore their hair worse than before.—Oh! my dear, my love, my darling babe! am I never to see your dear face again! Heavens protect my poor dear little love!—Such heart-piercing cries were surely never before heard! yet these could not soften the hell-hounds that conducted them.

Many of these women were far advanced with child. All were taken into the boats, a part were immediately dispatched, and the rest put on board the Dutch sloop, till the next day.

When the next day arrived, says the witness, though we were all terror-struck, many had the courage to ask for a child a piece of those that were left alive; but the hard-hearted villain, Fouquet, refused, pretending his orders were changed, and all that remained on board the sloop were drowned.

VOL. II. PAGE 223.

The same witness says, One day I saw several prisoners, brought from the *Entrepot*, deposited in a lighter with a neck. They were fastened under hatches, where they were left for forty-eight hours. When the hatches were opened, there were sixty of them stifled. Other prisoners that were now on board were obliged to take out the bodies. Robin stood on the deck with his drawn sword in his hand, and superintended the work. This done, all the prisoners on board were stripped naked, men, women and children of all ages from fourscore to five; their hands were tied behind them, and they were thrown into the river.



Here the judge, if we ought to call a *fansculotte* ruffian a judge, asked the witness if this drowning was performed by day or by night. By open day answers the witness. She adds, I observed that the drowners became very familiar with the prettiest of the women; and some few of them were saved, if it can be called saving, to endure the more than infernal embraces of these monsters.

VOL. II. PAGE 227.

Delamarre informs the tribunal, that there was a heap formed of the bodies of the women who had been shot, and that the soldiers, laughing, called this horrible spectacle the *mountain*, alluding to the mountain of the National Convention.

VOL. II. PAGE 231.

Foucault having said one day to Bachelier, that he had two cargoes to dispatch that night, Bachelier flings his arms round his neck, saying, you are a brave fellow, the best revolutionist I know among them all.

This same Foucault fired at his father with a pistol; and was looked upon as the inventor of the plugged-lighters for drowning the prisoners.

Delassal, who appears to have been an officer of police, tells the tribunal, that one day he had taken up a woman of bad fame, who lived with Lambertye, one of the chief drowners. He came to my house, says the witness, in a rage, abused my wife, and casting a ferocious look at my children, poor

little b—gers, says he, I pity you; to-mor-
row you will be fatherless.

VOL. II. PAGE 252.

Coron, one of the company of Marat, informs the tribunal, that he had seven thousand five hundred persons shot at the Gigan, and four thousand he had assisted to drown.

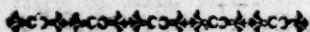
VOL. II. PAGE 254.

Sophy Bretonville, a witness, attests, that Perrocheaux came several times to her father's, under pretence of speaking to her mother about the release of her husband; but that his real business was to make indecent offers to herself. In short, says the witness, he made me an offer to release my father, if I would satisfy his lustful desires; but, as I refused, very well, said he at last, I shall go and do his business for him in an

VOL. II. PAGE 258.

A house was wanted for some perpose by the committee. Chaux was told that there was one in the neighbourhood; but that it was occupied by the owner. A pretty story, says he; in with the b—ger into prison, and he will be glad to purchase his life at the expence of his house.

When the horrible situation of the prisoners was represented to the committee, Goullin and Chaux replied; so much the better; let them die, it will be so much clear gains to the nation.



VOL. II. PAGE 284.

Jane Lavigne informs the tribunal, that, one night, Carrier came with Phillippe to sup at her house. They were talking, says the witness, of the measures to be pursued. You are a parcel of whining b—gers of judges, said Carrier: you want proofs to guillotine a man; into the river with the b—gers, says the Representative of the people, into the river with them; that is the shortest way.

VOL. III. PAGE 12.

Mary Herau informs the tribunal, that she got admittance one day into a prison where there were a great many women confined, several hundreds. I saw one amongst them, adds the witness, that was taken in labour; she was, however, standing up. Such an object I never saw; she was crawling with vermin; her lips were blue; death had already seized her.—To bear the smell, in this infected abode, I was obliged to have the smelling-bottle continually at my nose.

In consequence of the permission granted me to chose a child out of this prison, I went to a room where there were three hundred or thereabouts, all of whom appeared dying or dead. I stopped at the door (for the stink was such that I durst advance no further) and called the children to me. Some of the little innocents raised their hands, and others their heads; but only six were able to get to me. I took one of them, and was also allowed to take a poor woman, whose situation and piteous moans moved me to the soul. I gave them an asylum at my house till the issuing of the inhuman decree, which obliged me to return them into the clutches of the tygers. When this decree came out,

It is said, to the *honour* of the executioner, that his remorse for having executed these young ladies was so great, that he died in a few days afterwards.

I attest, adds this witness, that I have seen numbers of naked bodies of women, lying by the side of the Loire, thrown up by the tide. I have seen heaps of human bodies gnawed, and partly devoured by the dogs and birds of prey; which latter were continually hovering over the city, and particularly near the water side. I have seen numbers of carcasses in the bottoms of the lighters, partly covered with water.



VOL. III. PAGE 23.

Rénardot informs the tribunal, that he saw a number of men conducted to the meadow, called the Mauves, and shot.—Some of them who were not killed by the fusils, says the witness, were dispatched with the sabre. A cannoneer, named Jacob, came up to me, and said that it was he who had finished those who escaped the balls. Their necks, says this butcher, were just the thing to try my new sabre.

VOL. III. PAGE 24.

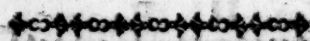
I accuse, says the same witness, the committee of the murder of three nuns, with my children's maid. They were conducted by Jolly to the committee to take the oath of apostacy. Shoot no more, drown no more, said the nuns, and we will even take this horrid oath. This amounted to a refusal, and the consequence is too well known.

VOL. III. PAGE 25.

Captain Leroux attests, that the murder of the ninety priests was a most wanton act of cruelty, contrary to the professions of the committee itself; for that they were only to be sent, it was said, into perpetual exile. He says he was ordered before the committee, and threatened with imprisonment for having permitted two of them to get on board his vessel.

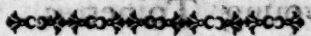
Captain Boulet, one day, in weighing his anchor, saw four or five hundred dead bodies raised up by the cables; and adds, that there were one hundred and thirty women

confined at Mirabeau, who disappeared all at once.



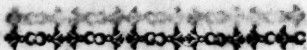
VOL. III. PAGE 27.

Foucault, one of the accused, being asked by the judge, what was become of the pil- lage of the priests (for, as I have already observed, this seemed to be the chief object of the trial) *Foucault* replied, that, having consulted *Carrier* on the subject, he answered, b—ger! who should have it but those that did the work?—*Foucault* declares, that the effects of the priests were lodged on board the covered lighter, whence the priests had been precipitated into the water; and on board of which *Lambertye*, the chief in this expedition, gave a great dinner the next day, costing forty thousand livres. From other witnesses, it appears that *Carrier* assisted at this repast, and that he even proposed dining on the scaffold of the guillotine.



The following traits are well calculated to show what sort of treatment a people must ever expect from the hands of base-born

Williams, when they are suffered to seize the reigns of power.



VOL. III. PAGE 11.

I had a son and Daughter, says a witness, named *Pufterle*; Goullin had proposed a marriage between his son and my daughter, and Goullin another between his daughter and my son. Neither had my consent; and to avenge themselves, when they were in the committee, they seized my wife and daughter, and all my most valuable property. The former were dragged to a loathsome prison; the latter I have never since seen or heard of.

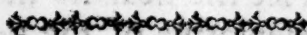


VOL. III. PAGE 17.

A friend of Goullin had, as he pretended, been brought to punishment by the family of the two young *Toinettes*. When they were brought before the committee, he told them of this. But, said they, it could not be us. Goullin, like the wolf in the fable, cried out, if it was not you, it was your father. The two *Toinettes* were executed.

Vol. III. PAGE 33.

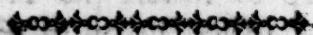
My son-in-law, says a witness, named Vallé, had been confined for no other specified crime than that of being a *well-dressed man* (muscadin). I went to Carrier and to the committee to solicit his release, before the order was issued forbidding all solicitations. There seemed to be some hopes of succeeding; but Chaux opposed my request, and he alone. It was he who had ordered him to be imprisoned, to be revenged on us, because we refused to sell him a quantity of starch that he had a mind to.



Vol. III. PAGE 38.

I was at a drowning, says Tabouret, on board a lighter conducted by Affilé. Come on, my lads, said he, to the island of *Topsy-turvy*. Before we got out to the sinking place, I heard the prisoners make the most terrible lamentations. Save us! oh! save us! cried they; there is yet time! oh! pray, pray, save us! Some of their hands were untied, and they ran them through the

railing, crying, mercy ! mercy ! It was then that I saw the villain, Grand-Maison, chop off their hands and arms with his sabre. Ten minutes after, I heard the carpenters, placed in the little boats, hammering at the sides of the lighter ; and, directly, down it went to the bottom.



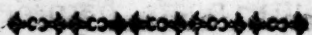
VOL. III. PAGE 90.

Trappe. When the fifty-five priests were drowned, I went to Carrier to ask him what should be done with their money, gold and silver snuff boxes, rings, &c. Leave them, nothing says he. Embark these b—gers, and let me hear no more of them, says the representative of the people.

These priests, says the witness, had a great number of valuable jewels, which were all delivered to Richard. Carrier, upon hearing that the expedition was over, seemed angry ; blast it, says he, I intended to reserve that job for Lambertye.

The widow *Dumey* corroborates the evidence of *Trappe*, and adds, after the priests were drowned, *Lambertye* came to me, and pointing his sabre to my breast, bitch, says he, you shall give me an account of the spoils of those priests.—I attest, says this

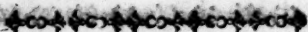
witness, that Lambertye and Fouquet were the favourites of the representative of the people.



VOL. III. PAGE 43.

Naudiller. I was, one day, at Carrier's, with Lambertye and several others. Carrier, in pointing to the river, said, we have already ducked two thousand eight hundred of them there. One of the strangers asking what he meant—Yes, says Carrier, two thousand eight hundred, in the *national bath*.

I myself saw, says the witness, while I was at Nantz, which was not long, five hundred men and two hundred and fifty women all tied, conducted to the Loire by Lambertye and Fouquet.



VOL. III. PAGE 50.

One time, says *Affilé*, (he was one of the drowners) Fouquet ordered me to go to Marie, to bespeak the two lighters that were wanted for the night, and to engage some carpenters. This done, I went and got the

cords, and the staples to fasten the prisoners at the bottom of the lighter.—About nine o'clock nearly five hundred were put on board.—These were pillaged and stripped in the lighter, and Fouquet swore, if I did not obey his requisitions (which were always made in the name of *the law*) he would drown me with the rest.

Four little boats, continues Affilé, attended each lighter. When the plugs were pulled out the prisoners cried, mercy!—There were some on the half deck with their hands tied only, and these, when they saw the lighter sinking, cried, let us jump into their boats and drown them with ourselves. But all that attempted it were hacked down with sabres.

When the expedition was compleated, we went to Thomas's hotel, where the effects of the prisoners had been carried; hence we went to Secher's, where we divided the spoil.



The prisoners on their trial, having denied here, that they had given orders for the drownings, several of their orders were produced, and read. It may not be amiss to insert two or three of them. They will give the reader a perfect idea of the murderer's stile.

In the name of the Republic. The revolutionary committee authorise citizen Afilé, jun. to require the number of carpenters that he may find necessary for the execution of the expedition he is charged with. This citizen is required to use all the dispatch in his power, and to give *generous* wages to the workmen, provided they work with all the *zeal* and activity that the *public service* requires.

(Signed)

GOULLIN,
BACHELIER,
and others.

In the name of the Republic. The revolutionary committee authorise citizen Golas to take as many lighters and small boats, as he shall judge necessary, for the execution of the *business* that the committee has entrusted to his *zealous* care.

(Signed)

NAUD,
BOLOGNIE,
GOULLIN,
and others.

In the name of the Republic. Citizen Afilé, jun. is required to pay attention to, and see executed, the order given to citizen Colas; and all watermen and others are re-

quired to *aid* and *assist* in the *public service*, and to obey the requisition of citizen Affilé, under pain of being declared *bad citizens* and *suspected persons*.

(Signed) GRAND-MAISON,
NAUD,
and others.

VOL. III. PAGE 63.

Bourdin, a witness, gives an account of several shootings. The last that I saw, adds he, was of eighty women. They were first shot, then stripped, and left exposed on the spot during three days.

I carried a young lad off from the *Entrepot*. He was thirteen years of age. When the revolutionary committee ordered all the children, thus preserved, to be given up, Jolly, who said he was the judge of all the prisoners, permitted me to keep this boy; but my neighbour Aignes, who could not obtain a like favour, gave up a lad of fourteen years of age, agreeable to the order of the committee, and the next day we saw him shot.

When the shooting *en masse* first began the prisoners were suffered to retain their clothes till they were dead. As they were

conducted to the place of execution, and even after they arrived on the spot, the old-clothes dealers were seen bargaining with the soldiers for their clothes. The poor unfortunate creatures had the mortification to see their own towns-men and women buying the poor remains of their fortunes on their backs; and, the instant they fell, the monsters rushed in, tearing the new-acquired property from their bodies, yet struggling in the pangs of death.—But, the revolutionary butchers found that this was but an unproductive sale: the clothes being shot through sunk their value; and this circumstance determined them to strip the prisoners naked before execution.



VOL. III. PAGE 66.

Lambert, another witness, informs the tribunal, that he has seen the banks of the Loire covered with dead bodies; among which were several of old men, little children of both sexes, and an infinite number of women, all naked. One of the women, that I saw at one time, had an infant locked in her arms. She had been drowned at the

Crepuscule the day before with about two hundred more.



VOL. III. PAGE 96.

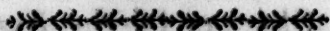
A witness deposes that she saw Lebrun, one of the company of Marat, jump and dance upon the dead body of a child.



VOL. III. PAGE 99.

Lamarie. I was one morning at breakfast with Crucy, Leveque, and Perrocheaux, when the latter told me, they were just going to take a young girl out of prison to put her in keeping for their own use.

I was one day, says the witness, at the committee to ask the release of some children, and I could not help being shocked at the jocular manner in which they proceeded and talked. Chaux said to me here we are, you see, up to our eyes among the dead bodies and pretty girls.



The criminals being asked what they had to say concerning their having issued certain

cruel decrees, answered that they were *fathers of families*, and that if they had disobeyed Carrier, they feared he might not only destroy them, but their wives and children also.

Now then, let us see how these affectionate, tender-hearted fathers of families behaved towards the wives and children of others.



VOL. III. PAGE 67.

As they had denied having issued the cruel orders for imprisoning the children, the following decrees were produced.

The revolutionary committee orders the *benevolent* commissaries of the 17th section, as well as all others who have prisoners in their houses of detention, to deliver to nobody, any child whatever; except it may be to the officers of the ships of the Republic, and even they are to take *none under* seventeen years of age.

(Signed)

GOULLIN,
and others.

The citizen keeper of the *Entrepot* is ordered to give in a list of all those, who, in

obedience to the order of the committee, have delivered up the children they had taken from the prison.

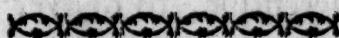
(Signed)

CHAUX,
and others.

Citizen Dumey is ordered to give in a list of all the persons, with the streets and numbers of the houses where they live, who have taken away any of the prisoners. He will be particular in the dwelling of the women, who, in spite of the decrees of the committee, has had the *infamy* to take away seven young girls of fifteen or sixteen years of age.

(Signed)

GRAND-MAISON,
and others.



When the blood-thirsty villains had thus collected all the unhappy prisoners together, they issued the following order.

In the name of the revolutionary committee of Nantz. The commandant of the troops is required to furnish three hundred regulars. One half of this detachment will march to the Bouffay, and, taking the pri-

soners thence, will conduct them bound, two and two, to the prison of the Eperonnière. The other division will go to Saintes-Caires, and conduct the prisoners from thence to the Eperonnière. Then, all these prisoners, together with those confined in the prison of the Eperonnière, are to be taken and shot, *without distinction of age or sex*, in the manner that the commanding officer of the detachment may judge most convenient.

(Signed)

GRAND-MAISON,
GOULLIN,
MINGUET,
and others.

❦

In this place, it may not be amiss to let the reader hear what these monsters had to say in their defence.

❦

VOL. III. PAGE 35.

Goullin. They keep telling us of our terrific measures ; I maintain that we made nobody tremble but the *misers*, the *rich*, the *hoarders of provisions*, the *fanaticks*, and the

aristocrats; but as for the true *sans-culottes*, they had nothing to fear.

Bachelier (VOL. III. Page 31.) *All the rich were suspected persons.* We were obliged to strike, not only them who *did*, but them who *could do* harm. However, very few patriots were sacrificed; we aimed principally at the former nobility and clergy; at those who hoarded up provisions, and all such as possessed great riches. The true and real *sans-culottes* were spared.



VOL. III. PAGE 99.

One day, says a witness, I begged *Bachelier* to have mercy on the little children. I pleaded their innocence, and represented their infancy, and the injustice of punishing them for the faults of their parents. *Bachelier* answered coolly, if I did not know you, I should take you for an aristocrat. You do not perceive then, that these children have sucked aristocratic milk; that the blood that runs in their veins is impure, and incapable of being changed into republican blood? I compare them, added he, to an oil-barrel, which, in spite of all the washing and scrubbing you can give it, will for ever retain its stink. It is just so with these

children. They will always retain an attachment to the kings and priests of their fathers.



VOL. III. PAGE 104.

Bachelier answers to this. With respect, says he, to the children of the aristocrats, I own that I said, they were hard to be made good republicans; and that it was much to be feared, that the children of fanaticks would *one-day* resemble their parents. Renard, mayor of Nantz, who is known for a sound patriot and a *humane man*; said on this subject, that the *cats* eat the *young rats*; and that they were in the right of it; for it was the only way of destroying the breed. I am persuaded, adds *Bachelier*, that no true republican will blame me for saying and thinking like Renard, who was a most excellent patriot.

There was, it seems, another reason for murdering the aristocrats; for when the proposal was made for killing them *en masse*, Robin said (VOL. III. PAGE 85.) the patriots are *in want of bread*; it is just that those scoundrels should perish, and not *eat up our victuals from us*.—Kermen opposed this; but Robin exclaimed, none of your *moderate*

propositions here. I say, they are a parcel of aristocrats that wish to overturn the republic, therefore let them die.



VOL. III. PAGE 106.

Crespin, one of the company of Marat, informs the tribunal, that he was at a drowning on board a lighter, where the prisoners were fastened down under boards, nailed from side to side. They uttered, says he, the most piteous cries. Some of them put their hands folded in a supplicating posture through the openings between the boards; and I saw the members of the committee chop off those hands and fingers. One of them plunged his sabre down in amongst the prisoners, and we heard a man cry out, oh! the rascal! he has stabbed me! —Our ears, adds the witness, were now stunned with the cry of, oh! you rascally, brutal savages! this is the mercy, this is the humanity of republicans!

One day, continues this witness, he saw Carrier in a coach at the foot of the guillotine, enjoying the spectacle while about twenty persons were beheaded.—Naud was with me, who went up to Carrier with me, and asked him, if he did not want a Marat.

Yes, b—ger, says Carrier. I am your man then, said Naud.

The new Marat was dispatched to call the judges to the representative of the people; and when Philippes ventured to tell him that, among those whom he had ordered to the guillotine from the Bouffay, there were two children of fourteen years of age, and two others of thirteen, Carrier fell into a violent passion: damned b—gers, says he, in what country am I got? *All milk-bearded rascals alike!*



The following traits will prove that a ferocious cruelty had taken possession of the hearts of the young as well as the old.



VOL. III. PAGE 65.

Lalloue, says Naud, offered himself as an express to fetch back the one hundred and thirty-two persons that were sent off to Paris. This, he said, he would do for the pleasure of seeing them drowned.

This Lalloue, continues the witness, was a judge, and the companion of the representative of the people, although but nineteen

years of age.—He had been convicted of *theft*, and boasted of being one of the murderers of the prisoners at Paris, in the month of September, 1792.—Ah! says he, one day, to one of his companions on the bench, you should have seen us at Paris in the month of September. There you would have learned how to knock them off.



VOL. III. PAGE III.

Lecocq. I saw several men and women chopped down, on board a Dutch sloop that lay in the river. I saw a young lad assisting to drown the prisoners at the last drowning; particularly one whom he unmercifully seized by the leg, dragged to the side of the lighter, and kicked overboard.



VOL. III. PAGE 126.

Laillet informs the tribunal, that she saw a lad of about seventeen or eighteen years of age hew down two prisoners, and hack them with his sabre, at the prison of the Bouffay. They were afterwards, adds the witness, dragged to the water-side.

VOL. III. PAGE III.

Fontbonne informs the tribunal, that, at the request of *Delille*, he went to the *Entrepot* to endeavour to save an innocent and amiable family of females, the youngest of which was about thirteen years of age. *Delille* went with me. When we came to the prison, we were conducted to a horrid stinking hole under a stair-case. We asked for a candle, and, after some time, we got into this sort of dungeon. Here we found the mother and four daughters lying close to each other upon some wet and filthy straw; and round about them there were several dead women. The youngest daughter, whom alone we had obtained permission to take, was covered up in her mother's gown to keep her warm.—When we told the poor mother our errand; no, said she, my child shall stay and die with myself; we have lived, and we will die together.—We thought ourselves justified, adds the witness, in using force. When the mother perceived our resolution, she uttered such dreadful lamentations as are impossible to be described. My child! oh! my dear, darling child! were the last words her daughter ever heard from her. The child never recovered the

stroke; she pined away about eight months, and then died.



VOL. III. PAGE 113.

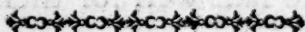
The same witness says, I saw a saw number of persons conducted from the place of Equality, to be shot at the Mauves. There were women and children of all ages amongst them. My heart could not support this spectacle; I ran home, saddled my horse, and rode to the place of execution. When I arrived the poor creatures were all on their knees, and the soldiers were preparing to fire. I rushed through them, and had the good fortune to save eight of the children, the oldest of which was twelve years of age; the rest were shot with their fathers and mothers.



VOL. III. PAGE 114.

Laurency informs the tribunal, that he saw, at one time, three hundred men conducted to the water. They were all naked, and had their hands tied behind them. I saw too, adds the witness, several women and

girls murdered, on board a barge in the river; two of whom, aged about eighteen years, I saw a young lad behead with his sabre, while he sung the *carmagnole*.

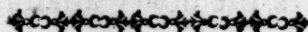


VOL. III. PAGE 119.

Saüdroc. At a great dinner, to which Lambertye, the chief murderer, invited Carrier, I was a witness of a most scandalous scene. After the repast was over, and while the glass went round, Lambertye entertained us with a long and full account of a drowning he had performed the night before, and boasted of the manner in which he sabred the poor wretches that attempted to escape. All the *convives*, adds the witness, honoured his valour with long and repeated bursts of applause.—Carrier toasted the *national bath*.—This monster talked of nothing but death and the guillotine.

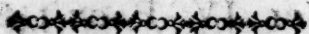
Another witness says, (VOL. III. PAGE 123.) I saw Carrier, with his drawn sword in his hand, threatening to guillotine the first person who should dare to show the least pity for the prisoners that were conducted to execution.

And another (VOL. II.) says: Carrier came one day to look at the lighters that were constructing for the drownings, and turning to Foucault, Charmingly commodious indeed! says he. Do you hear? added he, pay these lads well for their labour.



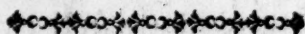
VOL. III. PAGE 126.

An old man appeared at the bar. I attest, says he, that I was ill-treated by the revolutionary committee, because I requested the release of a young girl who was entirely innocent. The committee told me that I had no business to meddle with any such people. My nephew and my son-in-law were shot for no crime whatever; and, adds the old man, I had the grief to see my own children dragged from my house to the fatal lighters. One of them made an attempt to escape from the hands of his barbarous executioners, was caught and shot.



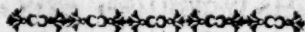
I dare say the reader is ready to weep for this poor distressed father; but let him reserve his tears for more worthy objects. This old man was a murderer like the rest,

and his own family had fallen into the pit he had dug for another. Yes, reader, this grey headed, ferocious old tyger, who complains of the cruelties of others, ends his evidence by accusing Carrier, even Carrier, of having shown an act of mercy!—I accuse him, (says the hoary affassin (PAGE 26) of being *no patriot*, since he *did not execute* the wife of Temple, whom I informed against as an emigrant.



VOL. IV. PAGE 148.

Juget, a judge at Nantz, reads, from the register of his tribunal, an order of Carrier to send thirty-six men, twenty women, and four children, to be shot, without being heard or tried. This was accordingly done.



VOL. IV. PAGE 148.

Poupon deposes, that he was witness of a drowning, when the company of Marat went and dragged sick persons from the hospital in order to make up a lighter full.—Some of these persons, adds the wit-

ness, could scarcely crawl along, and I saw these murderers beat them most cruelly with great sticks, crying, along with you, b—gers! march! march! we will give you sweet air enough now.—Others they dragged along by the hair of the head, till they got them on board the lighter.—All this time, says the witness, the conductors of the expedition kept hollowing out, come, come, my lads, be quick! along with the b—gers! the tide falls apace: there is no time to be lost.



VOL. IV. PAGE 151.

Seginel, one of the company of Marat, informs the tribunal, that Goullin and Chaux conducted some of the company, one day, to the house of Carrier. When we came, says this under cut-throat, into the presence of the representative of the people, our conductors told him we were good lads, citizens on whom he might rely. So much the better, says Carrier, adding, depend on it, my boys, if you do your duty like good b—gers, the Republic, which is never ungrateful, will pay you well.

While we were there, says the witness, Lambertye came, and went into another

room with Carrier. Goullin asked Grand Maison who that man was. He is a second Marat, replied the latter, and is now, without doubt, receiving orders to communicate to us.



Marat.

The name of Marat has been so often mentioned, it may not be improper, or out of place, to give the reader here some account of that famous cut-throat.

Before the revolution, he was an obscure beggarly fellow, that was daily liable to be brought before the officer of police to give an account of the manner in which he got his bread. But, when this grand event took place; when murderers were wanted in every quarter of the country, he began to cut a figure on the scene. He published a gazette, in which he inculcated the necessity of lopping off the heads of thousands at a time, and of watering, as he called it, the tree of liberty with the blood of the aristocrats, as the only means of rendering it fruitful.

These, and such like sentiments, recommended him to the notice of his country.

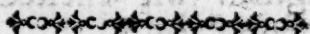
men; he obtained their confidence, and was one of the *organizers* (to use a French term) of the massacres of the 2d and 3d of September, 1792, of which I have spoken in the first chapter of this work. On this occasion he was an actor also, and is said to have cut above fifty throats with his own hands.

It would have been something unjust if a man like this had been forgotten, when the Convention was to assemble. He was not. The people of Paris, who had been eye-witnesses of his merit, chose him for one of their representatives; and he was faithful in the execution of his trust; for he never talked about any thing but of throats to cut, stabbing, and guillotining.

His career, however, was but short. His own neck was not made of iron: a desperate woman, who had adopted his principles, rushed into his apartment, and delivered the world of one of the greatest monsters that ever dishonoured it.

There was something horrible in the look of this villain. He was very short and thick, had a black beard ascending nearly to the extreme corners of his eyes. This beard was usually long, and his hair short, sticking up like bristles. He had ever been dirty, and it may be imagined, that the fashions of a revolution which has made it

accrue to be *well-dressed*, had not improved his appearance : in short, he was at the very best, a most disgusting mortal, and, therefore, when he came out of the prison of La Force, all covered with filth and gore, wielding a pistol in one hand and a dagger in the other, no wonder that even the sanguinary mob ran back for fear.



Charlotte Cordée.

As I have entered on a digression, I will continue it a little longer, to give the reader an account of the execution of Charlotte Cordée, the young woman that murdered Marat.

She was not what is commonly called an aristocrat ; but a patriot of another faction than Marat. She was, as it is said, employed by the party of Brissot, who, from the accomplishments of Marat, were afraid that he would totally engross the favour and affections of the people. Poor Charlotte received her reward on the scaffold ; and a very just reward too ; but there is something so shocking in the behaviour of her executioner, that it ought not to be omitted in a collection of this kind.

She was a beautiful young woman ; extremely fair ; and, in any other country, would have brought tears of compassion from the spectators. The executioner, after having cut off her head, seized it by the fine long hair, and, holding it up by one hand, the brutal ruffian gave her a slap in the face with the other. “ The bitch “ blushes,” cried he, “ at any rate.” This trait of hangman wit excited the savage mirth of the populace. *

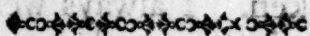


We must now return to Nantz, where we shall find the revolutionary committee employed in writing to their friends at Paris.

Before they began to drown and shoot by hundreds, they had seized on the persons of one hundred and thirty-two of the most opulent men in the city, and sent them off to Paris to be tried as *suspected persons*. It appears, from the whole course of the evidence on this head, that the detachment of patriots who conducted them, were, if any pretence could be found, to murder them all by the way. This, however, did not

* It is something very remarkable that her face, severed from the body, should blush ; but it is a real fact, as appears from an essay lately republished at Philadelphia, in Gatreau's Gazette.

happen. The prisoners arrived safe at Paris, and the committee were obliged to have recourse to other means, to prevent their return. The one that they adopted was to insure their guillotining at Paris; and, for this purpose, they wrote to the revolutionary committee of the section of Lepelletier.— Their letter is, and I hope it ever will be, a curiosity in this country. I shall give it a literal translation, that the reader may be able to do justice to the memory of the writers.



VOL. IV. PAGE 179.

Nantz, this 5th of Pluviose.

Liberty, Equality or Death.

Citizens,

The people of Nantz, whom we have sent to Paris, are big villains, all marked with the seal of reprobation, and known for counter-revolutionists. We are collecting proofs against them, which we shall send, when the bundle is made up, to the revolutionary judges. In the mean time, we *denounce* to you, Juliette, who has *officially* taken upon him the defence of these *uncivil* vermin.

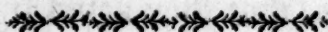
VOL. IV. PAGE 280.

From the moment the revolutionary committee was installed, says *Benét*, the imprisonments began; and they augmented daily. They were all dictated by animosity, hatred, or avarice. To such a degree did terror prevail, that every man trembled for his life.

For my part, says the witness, my resolution was taken. I always went with two loaded pistols in my pockets: one for the villain that should offer to seize me, and the other for myself. Cruel expectation for a man who had a small helpless family. But I had seen six hundred men at one time plunged into the water, and had been a witness of shootings amounting to three thousand six hundred persons at the *Gigan*: after this what could any man hope for?

There is reason to believe that Carrier meant to murder the whole city; for, before his journey to Paris, he told one of the women whom he kept, and *whose husband he had put to death*, that he would make Nantz remember the name of Carrier: do not fear, *my dear*, said he, all my friends shall follow me; but as for the city it shall be destroyed (PAGE 219.)

I was one day, adds the same witness, sent by Bowin to see some bodies buried, that were left on the public square. There were upwards of thirty women, all naked, and exposed with the most horrible indecency.



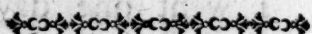
VOL. IV. PAGE 206.

Fontaine. I went one day to a prison where a great many women and children were confined. My business was to deliver provisions to these people; but I found neither fire, lights, nor any thing else. I called for a candle, in order to enter this abode of horror. The prisoners were lying here and there on the bare boards, though it was extremely cold.

In a second visit that I made here, I found the poor unhappy creatures in a worse situation than before. I saw a woman lying dead, and a sucking child, at a little distance from her, wallowing about in the filth. Its little face was absolutely covered with ordure. I gave the keeper ten livres to take care of this helpless infant, till I could find a nurse; but when I came for it, it was gone; and Dumey told me, that

the English prisoners had taken the child, with a promise to do well by it.

It seems, from the evidence of several witnesses, that, while these villains were butchering, or stifling their own countrymen, they took care to treat foreign prisoners with some sort of humanity. This distinction fully proves, that they acted by authority of the Convention. But we shall this so incontestibly proved by-and-by, that the remark is hardly necessary here.



VOL. IV. PAGE 210.

I saw, says the same witness, a man, named Gorgo, come and ask for a little boy, that he said he had obtained permission to take. The child was found behind a bundle of stuff, where he had run to hide upon hearing voices. Gorgo brought him to the doorway, and made him *dance and sing*.

I have selected this last fact to show to what a pitch of obduracy, of unfeeling indifference, these people were arrived. A thousand volumes could not paint their familiarity with scenes of horror so well as this trifling circumstance of making a child dance and sing, at the entrance of a cavern of despair, a human slaughter-house, where

perhaps his own parents were at that moment groaning their last.



VOL. IV. PAGE 210.

Chaux, one of the criminals, informs the tribunal, that he was dispatched from Nantz to wait on Carrier, during his stay at Paris. He told me, says *Chaux*, that he did not like *Philippe*s, and that we should guillotine him, at my return.—I have communicated, says Carrier, all our proceedings to the National Convention.—You must not, adds he, try *Lambertye*; he is too precious a patriot. I intend to send for him here, and present him to the committee of *public preservation* (*salut public*) who will not leave him unrecompensed for his services.

Jacquieau says (PAGE 273.) that *Lambertye* was the *chief murderer*.—This it was that made him a *precious patriot*, and a man worthy of reward from a committee of the National Convention.

This witness adds: when the committee of Nantz was first installed, a deputation was sent to Carrier, to let him know that no proofs could be made out against *Jom-*

L

ard. The representative of the people, seeing the deputation enter, cried out, what are all these b—gers come here for? When he heard our business, to hell with you, says he, you fool. But, seeming to grow a little calm, he called me back into his room, and threatened to throw me out of the window. At last, says the witness, he told me there were other means besides guillotining; you have only, says he, to send Jomard into the country, and have him dispatched secretly.

Here we behold a member of the National Convention of France; one of those *philosophical* legislators, who call themselves the *enlighteners* of the universe. This base, this cowardly cut-throat, this assassin-general, is one of those men, whom we have been told are to *regenerate* mankind, and to establish a system of universal *humanity*!



The following traits will depict the leaders in the French Revolution.



VOL. IV. PAGE 273.

Robin, says a witness, was one of the accomplices of Carrier. This Robin, one

day, showed his sabre all stained with blood, saying at the same time, with this I chopped off sixty of the heads of the aristocrats that we drowned last night.



VOL. IV. PAGE 209.

Fontaine informs the tribunal, that he was one night at the *Entrepot*. Here, says the witness, I saw a little man (this afterwards appears to have been *Fouquet*) wearing pantaloons, and a liberty cap. It is I, said the little monster, who conduct all the drownings; it is I who give the word of command to pull up the plugs; nothing is done without my orders. If you will come along with me, continued he, I will show you how to feed upon the flesh of an aristocrat; I will regale you with the brains of those rascals.—I trembled, says the witness, and got away from this canibal as soon as I could.



VOL. IV. PAGE 276.

Fontbonne informs the tribunal, that he was one day invited to a dinner, in a pleasure garden belonging to *Ducrois*. Carrier

and O'Sullivan were of the party. The conversation turned on the bodily strength of certain persons, when O'Sullivan observed; "yes, there was my brother, who was devilish strong, particularly in the neck, for the executioner was obliged to give him the second stroke with the *national razor*, before he could get his head off."

The witness adds, O'Sullivan told us, that he was going to drown a man much stronger than himself; that the man resisted, but was knocked down; then, says O'Sullivan, I took my knife and struck him, as butchers do the sheep.

Guedon informs the tribunal (Vol. IV. page 277.) that he was at the same dinner mentioned by Fontbonne. I was seated, says this witness, by the side of O'Sullivan; and, during the repast, he held up his knife to me, and said, this is excellent to cut a man's throat with; adding, that it had already done him good service in that way. He called on Robin as a witness of his bravery, and told us the manner in which he proceeded.—I had remarked, says O'Sullivan, that the butchers killed their sheep by plunging their knife in underneath the ear; so, when I had a mind to kill a prisoner, I came up to him, and, clapping him on the shoulder in a jocular way, pointed to some object that he was obliged to turn his head

to see; the moment he did this, I had my knife through his neck.

This O'Sullivan, in his defence, says, that, as to his brother, he was an enemy of the Republic. When he saw, says this human butcher, that there was no hope for him, he came and threw himself into my arms; but, *like a good republican*, I gave him up to the guillotine.



VOL. II. PAGE 281.

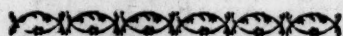
A witness says, that Goullin beat his own father with a stick, when the old man was on his death-bed; and adds, that his father died in two hours after.

This same Goullin (VOL. II. PAGE 253) said in the tribune of his club, take care not to admit among you moderate men, half patriots. Admit none but real revolutionists; none but patriots who have the courage to drink a glass of human blood, warm from the veins.

Goullin, so far from denying this, says before the tribunal (PAGE 254) that he glories in thinking like Marat, who would willingly have quenched his thirst with the blood of the aristocrats.

I shall conclude this chapter, this frightful tragedy exhibited at Nantz, with the relation of a few traits of diabolical cruelty, which not only surpass all that the imagination has hitherto been able to conceive, but even all that has been related in this volume. I have classed these facts together, that the indignant reader may tear out the leaf, and commit it to the flames.

Yes (says the author of *La Conjuraton*, page 160) yes; we have seen a representative of the people, a member of the National Convention, tie four children, the eldest of which was but sixteen years of age, to the four posts of the guillotine. while the blood of their father and mother streamed on the scaffold, and even dropped on their heads.



VOL. V. PAGE 36.

Laillet deposes, that Deron came to the popular society with a man's ear, pinned to the national cockade, which he wore in his cap. He went about, says the witness, with a pocket full of these ears, which he made the female prisoners kiss.



VOL. II. PAGE 267.

Many of the generals in La Vendee, says Forget, made it their glory to imitate the horrid butchers at Nantz. They committed unheard of cruelties and indecencies. General Duquesnoy murdered several infants at the breast, and afterwards attempted to lie with the mothers.

This is the infernal monster that stiled himself the butcher of the Convention, and that said, nothing hurt him so much as not being able to serve them in the capacity of executioner.



VOL. II. PAGE 122.

I saw, says *Girault*, about three or four hundred persons drowned. There were women of all ages amongst them; some were big with child, and of these several were delivered in the very lighters, among water and mud. This most shocking circumstance, their groans, their heart-piercing shrieks, excited no compassion. They

with the fruit of their conjugal love, went to bottom together.



VOL. II. PAGE 153.

Coron. A woman going to be drowned, was taken in child birth ; she was in the act of delivery, when the horrid villains tore the child from her body, stuck it on the point of a bayonet, and thus carried it to the river.

A fourth of these, our representatives, (says the author of *La Conjuraton*, PAGE 162) a fourth (great God ! my heart dies within me) a fourth, ripped open the wombs of the mothers, tore out the palpitating embryo, to deck the point of a pike of liberty and equality.



The reader's curiosity may, perhaps, lead him to wish to know the whole number of persons put to death at Nantz ; but, in this, it would be difficult to gratify him. I have been able to obtain but *five volumes* of the

trial, which make only a part of that work; probably the last volume may contain an exact account as to numbers. The deaths must, however, have been immense, since a witness deposes (VOL. III. PAGE 55) to the drowning of *nine thousand* persons; and another witness (VOL. II. Page 253) attests, that *seven thousand five hundred* were shot *en masse*.

The number of bodies thrown into the river Loire, which is half the width of the Delaware at Philadelphia, was so considerable, that the municipal officers found it necessary to issue a proclamation (VOL. V. PAGE 70), *forbidding the use of its waters*.

It has been generally computed that the number of persons, belonging to this unfortunate city and its environs, who were drowned, shot *en masse*, guillotined, and stifled or starved in prison, amounted to about *forty thousand*. And this computation is corroborated by the author of *La Conjuraton*, who says (PAGE 159), The number of persons murdered in the south of France, during the space of a very few months, is reckoned at a hundred thousand. The bodies thrown into the Loire are innumerable. Carrier alone put to death *more than forty thousand*, including men, women and children.

It appears, then, that these bloody revolutionists, who stiled themselves the friends of freedom and of mankind, destroyed, in one city of France, a population equal to that of the capital of the United States.

C H A P. IV.

Facts from several works, proving that the cruelties related in the preceding chapters were authorized, or approved of by the National Assemblies.

AFTER having led the reader through such rivers of blood, it seems indispensibly necessary to insert a few facts, showing by whose authority that blood was spilt; for, it could answer no good purpose to excite his detestation, without directing it towards the proper object.

When the French first began that career of insurrection, robbery and murder, which assumed the name of a Revolution, the people of this country, or at least the most numerous part of them, felt uncommon anxiety for its success. The people were deceived; but the deception was an agreeable one; the word *Revolution* had of itself very great charms, but when that of *Liberty* was added to it, it could not fail of exciting enthusiasm. This enthusiasm was, indeed, nearly general; and this alone was a sufficient inducement for the public prints to become the partizans of Condorcet and Mirabeau. All the avenues to truth were at

once barred up; and, though the revolutionists every day changed their creed, though one revolving moon saw them make and break their oaths, all was amply atoned for by their being engaged in a Revolution.

As the Revolution advanced the enthusiasm increased; but from the moment that the French nation declared itself a *Republic*, this enthusiasm was changed to madness. All the means by which this change of government was to be accomplished were totally overlooked; nothing was talked or dreamed of but the enfranchisement of the world; the whole universe was to become a republic, or be annihilated; and happy was he who could bawl loudest about a certain something, called *liberty and equality*.

During this political madness, however, now and then a trait of shocking barbarity, in spite of all the endeavours of the public papers, burst in upon us, and produced a lucid interval; but these intervals have never yet been of long duration; because every subterfuge, that interested falsehood can devise, has been made use of to give our abhorrence a direction contrary to that which it ought to have taken. We have heard Brissot, Danton, Marat, and Robespierre, all accused in their turns of shedding innocent blood; but the *National Assembly* itself, they tell us, has ever remained worthy of

our admiration. The poor unsuccessful agents of this terrible divan have been devoted to execration, as tyrants, while their employers have been, and are yet held up to us as the friends of liberty and the lovers of mankind.

Without further remark, I shall add such facts as, I imagine, will enable every reader to judge for himself.

To begin with the constituent assembly; one proof of their approving of murder will suffice. They honoured with the title of *vanquishers*, a blood-thirsty mob, who, after having taken two men prisoners, cruelly massacred them, and carried their heads about the streets of Paris on a pike. See *Rabaud's History of the French Revolution*, page 106.

The second Assembly, when they received advices of the murders of Jourdan and his associates at Avignon, as mentioned in the first chapter of this work, threatened the member who communicated the news, because he had called the murderers *brigands*, and not *patriots*. See *La Gazette Universelle* for the month of May 1792.—And, how did this Assembly behave, when informed of the massacres in the prisons of Paris, during the first days of September, 1792? *Tallien* (of whom we have lately heard so

much) came to the National Assembly, and informed them of the murdering in the following remarkable words: "The commissaries have done all they could to prevent the *disorders* (the massacring the prisoners is what he calls *disorders*) but they have not been able to stop the, in some sort, *just vengeance* of the people."—The Assembly heard this language very quietly, and Doctor Moore, from whose journal (page 178.) the fact is taken, makes an apology for the Assembly, by saying that they were *overawed*; but it has since fully appeared, that the leading members were the very persons who contrived the massacre, with the aid of Petion, Manuel, and Marat.—It is a well known fact, recorded by the Abbé Barruel (page 334.) that *Louvet*, one of the members of the present Assembly, gave, the day after the September massacre, an order on the public treasury, in the following words: "*On sight, pay to the four bearers each twelve livres, for aiding in the dispatching of the priests at the prison of St. Firmin.*"—*Louvet* was, at the time of writing this note on demand for murderer's wages, a legislator; and I cannot help remarking here, that a printer of a newspaper in the United States has lately boasted, that this *Louvet*; "*now president of the first Assembly on earth,*" says our printer,

was *the editor of a Gazette!*—People should be cautious how they boast of relationship with the legislators in that country of equality.

As it will no longer be pretended, I suppose, that this second Assembly disapproved of the murders that were committed under their reign, I will now turn to the third Assembly, which we commonly call a Convention. And, not to tire the reader with proofs of what is self evident, I shall confine myself to an extract or two from the trial of Carrier and the revolutionary committee of Nantz.



VOL. V. PAGE 49.

It is time, says Goulin, to tear aside the veil. The representatives Bourbotte and Bo knew all about the drownings and shootings; and Bo even said to Huchet, in speaking of the members of the revolutionary committee, that it was *not for the murders* that they were to be tried.

After this the counsellor for the committee asks this citizen Bo, what was the real motive for bringing the committee to trial; and the other confesses, that it was for their having *misapplied the treasures* taken from

the prisoners. He pretends (page 60) though he had taken the place of Carrier at Nantz, and though the water of the river could not be drank, on account of the dead bodies that were floating on it; though a hundred or two of ditches had been dug to put the people into that were shot, and though the city was filled with cries and lamentations; notwithstanding all this, he pretends that he could say nothing, for certain, *about the murders.*

This representative Bo (page 83) is convicted of having himself justified the conduct of the committee and of Carrier.

Carrier, in his defence, says, that he had done no more than *his duty*, and that *the Convention had been regularly informed of every thing.* They complain now, says he (page 119, of shooting *en masse*, as if *the same had not been done at Angers, Saumur, Laval, and every where else.*)

A witness (VOL. 5, PAGE 60.) informs the tribunal, that he, who was himself a member of the Convention, *had informed that body of all the horrors that were committed at Nantz, and particularly of the massacres of women and children.*

The author of *La Conjuration*, so often quoted says (page 162.) When the bloody Carrier wrote to the Convention that he was dispatching hundreds at a time by

means of lighters with plugs in the bottom, Carrier was not blamed; on the contrary, he was *repeatedly applauded*, as being the author of *an invention that did honour to his country!*

But, what need have we of these proofs? What other testimony do we want, than that contained in their own murderous decrees? Let any one cast his eye on the opposite page; let him there behold the scene that was daily exhibited before the windows of their hall, and then let him say whether they delighted in murder or not. Blood is their element, as water is that of the finny race.

One thing, however, remains to be accounted for; and that is, how so great a part of the nation were led to butcher each other; how they were brought to that pitch of brutal sanguinary ferocity, which we have seen so amply displayed in the preceding Chapters. This is what, with the reader's indulgence, I shall now agreeable to my promise, endeavour to explain.

A N

INSTRUCTIVE ESSAY,

Tracing all the horrors of the French Revolution to their real causes, the licentious Politics and infidel Philosophy of the present Age.

THAT the French were an amiable people the whole civilized world has given abundant testimony, by endeavouring to imitate them. There was not a nation in Europe but had, in some degree, adopted their language and their fashions; and all those individuals, belonging even to their haughty rival enemy, who travelled in their country, were led by an involuntary impulse into an imitation of their manners.

The prominent feature in their national character was, it is true, *levity*; but, though levity and ferociousness may, and often do, meet in the same person, no writer, that I recollect, had ever accused the French of being cruel. If we are to judge of their

disposition by their national sports and entertainments, we shall find no room to draw a conclusion against their humanity. These cruel diversions, where men become the bullies of brute creatures, and laugh at seeing them goad, and bite, and tear each other to pieces, were never known in France. Even in their theatrical performances a dead body was never exhibited on the scene: such a spectacle was thought to be too much for the feelings of the audience. The works of their favourite authors generally breathe the greatest tenderness and humanity. The nation that could produce, and admire, a Marmontel and a Racine, could not be naturally bloody-minded.

" To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,"

" I turn,—and France displays her bright domain.

" Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,

"Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can
[please:

"How often have I led thy sportive choir,

" With tuneless pipe beside the murm'ring Loire !

"Where shading elms along the margin grew,

“ And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew ;

“ And haply, tho’ my harsh touch falt’ring still,

" But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill.

" Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,

" And dance forgetful of the noon-tide hour !

- " Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
 " Have led their child'ren thro' the mirthful maze,
 " And the gay Grand-fire, skill'd in gestic lore,
 " Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.
 " So blest a life these thoughtless realms display ;
 " Thus idly busy rolls their world away :
 " Theirs are those arts which mind to mind endear ;
 " For honour forms the social temper here."

These verses, extracted from the most elegant of poems, dictated by the best of hearts, contain the justest character of the French nation, that I have ever yet seen. To this character I am ready to subscribe : for, I too have been charmed with their gentle manners, and their social ease : I too have felt the power of those arts which endear mind to mind : I have been a witness of their urbanity, their respectful deference and attention to the softer sex, their paternal tenderness, and their veneration for old age.

Whence, then, the mighty, the dreadful change ? What is it that has transformed a great portion of this airy humane people into a horde of sullen assassins ? What is it that has converted these thoughtless realms ; this gay sprightly land of mirth, this bright domain, into a gloomy wilderness watered with rivers of human blood ? This ought to be the great object of our en-

quiries : this ought to fix all our attention. Without determining this point, we can draw no profit from the preceding relation, and without attempting it, I should have undertaken the unpleasant task of holding the French people up to reproach and detestation to no manner of purpose.

It has been asserted, again and again, by the partizans of the French revolution, that all the crimes which have disgraced it, are to be ascribed to the hostile operations of their enemies. They have told us, that, had not the Austrians and Prussians been on their march to Paris, the prisoners would not have been massacred, on the 2d and 3d of September, 1792. But, can we possibly conceive how the murder of 8,000 poor prisoners, locked up and bound, could be necessary to the defence of a Capital, containing a million of inhabitants? Can we believe that the sabres of the assassins would not have been more effectually employed against the invaders, than against defenceless priests and women. The deluded populace were told not "to leave the wolves in the fold while they went to attack those that were without." But these wolves, if they were such, were in prison; were under a guard an hundred thousand times as strong as themselves, and could

have been destroyed at a moment's warning. There is something so abominably cowardly in this justification, that it is even more base than the crime. Suppose that a hundred thousand men had marched from Paris, to make head against the Austrians and Prussians, there were yet nine hundred thousand left to guard the unhappy wretches that were tied hand and foot. Where could be the necessity of massacring them! Where could be the necessity of hacking them to pieces, tearing out their bowels, and biting their hearts?

Subsequent events have fully proved, that it was not danger that produced these bloody measures: for, we have ever seen the revolutionists most cruel in times of their greatest security. Their butcheries at Lyons and in its neighbourhood did not begin till they were completely triumphant. It was then, at the moment when they had no retaliation to fear, that they commenced their bloody work. Carrier, lolling at his ease, sent the victims to death by hundreds. The blood never flowed from the guillotine in such torrents, as at the very time when their armies were driving their enemies before them in every direction.

It has been said in the British House of Commons, that the massacres in France

ought to be attributed to the Allied Powers. " You hunt them like wild beasts, and " then you complain of them for being " ferocious." How this hunting could drive the French to butcher one another, I cannot see ; but if it was a justifiable reason for them, it might certainly be applied with much more justice to their enemies ; for these have been oftener obliged to fly than the French. The revolutionary armies have over-run an extent of territory equal to one third of their own country : the Savoyards, the Germans, the Flemings, the Dutch, the Spaniards, and the English, have been obliged to fly before them ; but we have heard of no massacres among these people. The French most unmercifully put to death eight thousand of their country people, who were in the prisons of Paris, and, as an excuse for this, they tell us that the Duke of Brunswick had invaded the province of Champagne ; but they themselves have over-run all the United Netherlands, and even taken possession of the capital ; and we have not heard that the Dutch have, as yet, been guilty of a single massacre. They have found but one place in all their career, where the people could be prevailed on to erect a guillotine, and that was at Geneva. Here their army was more nu-

merous than the whole population of the state, and therefore their system was fully adopted; yet even here, among this little debased and tyrannized people, there were to be found no villains infamous enough to imitate their masters in murdering women and children. That was a species of slaughter reserved for the French nation alone.

The French revolution has been compared to that of America, and I have heard some men, calling themselves Americans, who have not been ashamed to say, that as great cruelties were committed in this country as in that. I would now ask these men, who are so anxious to be thought as bloody as the sans-culotte French, if they can give me one instance of the Americans murdering their towns-men at the approach of the enemy? When the British army succeeded that of the Congress at Philadelphia, did the continental troops murder all the Tories before they quitted the City? Can these generous friends of the French revolution tell us of any massacres that took place in this country? Did they ever hear of women and children being drowned and shot by hundreds? Seven years of civil war desolated these states, but the blood of one single woman or child never stained the earth.

If the doctrine be admitted, if a people be justifiable in entering on a series of massacres the instant they are pressed by an enemy from without, what safety can there be for any of us? If a declaration of war is to unsheath the daggers of all the assassins in the community, civil society is the greatest curse that ever fell upon mankind. Much better and safer were it for us to separate, and prowl about like savages, nay like beasts, than to live thus, in continual trepidation, in continual fear for our throats.

There is something so exceedingly cowardly and ridiculous in this justification, that even the French revolutionists are ashamed of it. They have recourse to another still more dishonourable, it is true, but less cowardly. They tell us, that all the assassins in France have been in the pay of Great Britain; or, to make use of their own expression, have been excited to action by the "*gold of Pitt*."

As I wish to advance nothing without the best possible authority, I shall here insert a passage on this subject, taken from a Gazette published at Philadelphia by one *Gatreau*, and at the press of *Moreau de St. Mery*, who was a member of the constituent assembly of France.

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The intention of the piece evidently is to justify the French character, or rather the character of the French revolutionists, by attributing the horrid deeds these latter have committed, to some cause other than their own dispositions and anarchical principles. To avoid all cavil with respect to the authenticity of the extract, and the correctness of the translation, I will first give it in French, and then in English, observing, for the further satisfaction of the reader, that he may find the piece entire in the Gazette above-mentioned, of the fourth of February, 1796.

“ Quel homme éclairé par l'expérience,
 “ nieroit aujurd'hui, que, de la tête de
 “ Pitt sont fortis tous les crimes qui fesoient
 “ abhorrer la Revolution par ceux-la meme
 “ qui en adoroient les principes ; que, c'est
 “ au foyer de la jalousie et de la haine An-
 “ gloise, que s'allumèrent les torches, que
 “ se forgèrent les poignards, qui ont fait un
 “ monceau de cendres et de sang des plus
 “ belles possessions du monde ?—Quel génie
 “ malfaisant créa les factions impies, san-
 “ guinaires ou ambitieuses, qui devoient
 “ anéantir la France, au du moins la re-
 “ placer sous le joug, si la providence ne
 “ déconcertoit pas toujours les complots de
 “ l'iniquité ?—Le génie infernal du ministre
 “ Anglois.—C'est avec l'or de ses victimes

“ de l'Inde qu'il payoit le sang François,
 “ versé à grands flots à Paris, dans les de-
 “ partemens, aux frontières et dans les co-
 “ lonies.”

“ What man, enlightened by experience,
 “ will now deny, that, from the head of
 “ Pitt have come all the crimes which have
 “ rendered the Revolution detestable in the
 “ eyes of even those who adored its princi-
 “ ples; that, it was English jealousy and
 “ hatred that lighted the flames, and shar-
 “ pened the poignards, which have re-
 “ duced the finest possessions in the world
 “ to a heap of ashes and blood?—What
 “ evil genius created the impious, sangui-
 “ nary and ambitious factions, that were to
 “ annihilate France; or, at least, bend it
 “ again beneath the yoke, if Providence
 “ had not disconcerted the plans of iniqui-
 “ ty?—The infernal genius of the Eng-
 “ lish Minister. It was with the gold,
 “ drawn from his victims in India, that he
 “ paid for the French blood, which has
 “ flowed in rivers at Paris, in the depart-
 “ ments, on the frontiers, and in the colo-
 “ nies.”

This is an *important*, and were it not so
 very hackneyed and thread-bare, I would
 call it a “ *precious confession*.” Here we see
 a Frenchman, a partizan of, and perhaps
 an actor in, the revolution, endeavouring

to wipe away the stain on its principles, by ascribing all the horrors those principles have produced, to the gold distributed among the revolutionists by the English minister. The cruelties that have been committed were not, then, necessary to the establishment of a free government; they were not the effect of irritation, of anarchical confusion, of vindictive retaliation; they were not the natural consequence of a long-oppressed people's breaking their chains and rising on their tyrants; all these excuses (which I must allow were silly enough) are at once done away by this new justification; for, we are here told, in so many words, that the French people have shed rivers of each other's blood, in every part of their dominions, purely for the love—not of *liberty*, but of *the gold of Pitt*.

There is such a natural connection between the measures of the several National Assemblies and the massacres that were the immediate consequence of them, that it is impossible to effect a separation without the utmost violence to all manner of reasoning and truth. If it was the gold of Pitt that paid for all the French blood that has been spilled, it must have been that gold that paid for the inhuman murder of Messrs. Launay and Flessel, and it must have been that gold which induced the constituent as-

fembly to sanction the murder, by giving the assassins of these gentlemen the title of *heroes* and *conquerors*, and by instituting a national festival in their honour.

The Revolution was begun, and has hitherto been maintained by the shedding of innocent blood; therefore, if it was the gold of Pitt that paid for that blood, it is to the gold of Pitt that the revolution is to be ascribed, and not to that patriotic spirit and love of liberty, with which we have been so long amused. In the fifth chapter of this work, it is incontestibly proved, that the several National Assemblies authorised, or approved of all the massacres which have disgraced their country; if, then, these massacres were paid for by Mr. Pitt, must we not inevitably conclude that the National Assemblies were in the same pay? If Mr. Pitt paid for the blood of the family of Bourbon, for that of the king's guards, of the nobility, the clergy, the bankers, the merchants, in short, of all the rich or aristocrats, as they are called, it was Mr. Pitt who destroyed the monarchy: it was he who caused France to be called a Republic, and who gave rise to the doctrine of *equality*. Those, therefore, who talk of the gold of Pitt, must cease all their fulsome eulogiums on these gallant republicans; for,

if they are to have a republic, it will, according to their own confessions, be the work of the English Minister.

This vindication, throwing the blame on the gold of Pitt, amply participates in the misfortune of all the vindications that have lately appeared amongst us; that is, it takes up a bad cause, and makes it worse. The reader will certainly feel, with me, an inexpressible indignation at a people, who, because an hostile army was on their frontiers, could be prevailed on to butcher thousands upon thousands of their innocent countrymen; who could cut the throats of their fathers and mothers, rip up the bowels of women with child, and carry about the trophies of their base and savage triumph on the points of their pikes and bayonets; but, what will be his feelings, what will contain his swelling heart, when he is told, that all this was undertaken and perpetrated for foreign gold? The revolutionists, by accusing Mr. Pitt of being at the bottom of their massacres, do not perceive, without doubt, that they are heaping ten times ten-fold infamy on themselves and their nation.

By alledging this influence of British gold, the writer I have above quoted reduces himself and the partizans of the revolution to a most distressing dilemma. He owns that rivers of French blood have flow-

ed at Paris, in the departments, on the frontiers, and in the colonies ; and he tells us, that this blood was paid for with the gold of Pitt. Now, admitting this to be true, this blood has been shed, and this gold received, by *Frenchmen*. To what, then, will our author ascribe this sanguinary avarice ? He must either ascribe it to the *natural disposition* of his countrymen ; or, *a change* in that natural disposition, *produced by the revolution*. It is uncertain which of these he may choose, but it is very certain, choose which he will, that he has held up the character of his nation, or the principles of the revolution, to detestation and abhorrence. This is the way he has justified the French in the eyes of the people of this country. Infinitely better were it for such justifiers to suffer the press to rest in eternal inaction. All that a good Frenchman can do, is, to weep over the disgrace of his country ; for, so long as murder, horrid, barbarous, savage murder, shall admit of no excuse, so long shall the actions of the French Revolutionists remain unjustifiable.

It is more than probable, that a writer of this stamp might be willing to allow, that his countrymen were always naturally ferocious and bloody-minded, rather than confess that this disposition has been produced by the principles of the revolution : for,

patriots of this kind are ever ready to sacrifice the honour of their country to the support of their systems. But justice demands from us to reject with disdain every such conclusion. We have seen the French people sprightly, beneficent, humane and happy; let us, now, follow them step by step into the awful opposite, and see for ourselves, by what diabolical means the change has been effected.

The first National Assembly had hardly assumed that title, when they discovered an intention of overturning the government, which had been called together, and which their constituents had enjoined them, to support, and of levelling all ranks and distinctions among the different orders in the community. To this they were not led, as it had been so falsely pretended, by their love of liberty and desire of seeing their country happy; but by envy, cursed envy, that will never let the fiery demagogue sleep in peace, while he sees a greater or richer than himself. It has been objected to this, that there were among the revolutionists men who already enjoyed distinguished honours; but it is forgotten at the same time, that ambition will be at the top, or nowhere; that it will destroy itself with the envied object, rather than act a subaltern part. The motto of a demagogue is that

of Milton's Satan : " rather reign in hell than serve in heaven."

This task of destruction was, however, an arduous one. To tear the complicated work of fourteen centuries to pieces at once, to render honours dishonourable, and turn reverential awe into contempt and mockery, was not to be accomplished but by extraordinary means. It was evident that property must change hands, that the best blood of the nation must flow in torrents, or the project must fail. The assembly, to arm the multitude on their side, broached the popular doctrine of *equality*. It was a necessary part of the plan of these reformers to seduce the people to their support ; and such was the credulity of the unfortunate French, that they soon began to look on them as the oracles of virtue and wisdom, and believed themselves raised, by one short sentence issued by these ambitious impostors, from the state of *subjects* to that of *sovereigns*.

" I punished" says Solon, the Athenian law-giver,) " I punished with death all
 " those aspiring disturbers of the common-
 " wealth, who, in order to domineer them-
 " selves, and lead the vulgar in their train,
 " pretended that all men were equal, and
 " sought to confound the different ranks in
 " society, by preaching up a chimerical

“equality, that never did or can exist.” How happy would it have been for France, had there been some Solon, endued with wisdom and power enough to punish the political mountebanks of the Constituent Assembly! What dreadful carnage, what indelible disgrace, the nation would have escaped! Hardly had the word *equality* been pronounced, when the whole kingdom became a scene of anarchy and confusion. The name of liberty (I say the *name*, for the regenerated French have known nothing of it but the name.) The name of liberty had already half turned the heads of the people, and that of equality finished the work. From the moment it sounded in their ears, all that had formerly inspired respect, all that they had revered and adored, even began to excite contempt and fury. Birth, beauty, old age, all became the victims of a destructive equality, erected into a law by an Assembly of ambitious tyrants, who were ready to destroy every thing that crossed their way to absolute domination.

One of the immediate effects of the promulgation of this doctrine was the murder of Monsieur Foulon and his son-in-law Berthier, who, without so much as being charged with any crime, were taken by the people, conducted to Paris, and cruelly

massacred. I will say nothing (says *Du Gour* in his eloquent *Memoire*, page 35) I will say nothing of the savage cruelties committed on Foulon and Berthier; I will not represent the bloody head of the father-in law, offered to the son to kiss, pressed against his lips, and afterwards put under his feet; I will not represent the inhuman assassins rushing on Berthier, tearing out his heart, and placing it, quivering and still palpitating, on the table of the town-hall, *before the magistrates* of the commune.—After this their heads were stuck on pikes, and the heart of Berthier on the point of a sword. In this manner they were carried through the streets, followed by the exulting populace (see *Rabaut's History of the French Revolution*, page 117.) Nor let it be pretended that the Assembly could not prevent this shameful, this bloody deed. They had the absolute command of Paris at the time, and had two hundred thousand armed men ready to obey their nod. But the Assembly never opposed the murder of those whom they looked upon as their enemies; nay, Rabaut, their partial historian (who was one of their body) even justifies the murder.

When the word *equality* found its way to the colonies it was only a signal for assassination. At Port-au-Prince the Chevalier de

Mauduit, a brave and generous officer, who rendered essential services to this country during the last war, was murdered by his own soldiers. The villains had the insolence to order him to kneel down before them: "No," said he, like a soldier as he was, "It shall never be said that Thomas Mauduit bent his knee before a set of scoundrels."—His head was cut off; he was torn limb from limb; his bowels were trailed along the street, as butchers do those of beasts in a slaughter house. The next morning the different members of his body, and morsels of his flesh, were seen strewed about opposite his house, and his bloody and ghastly head placed on the step of the door-way.—We know we have before our eyes the proofs of what havock, distress, and destruction this detestable word has since produced in the unfortunate island of St. Domingo.

It was now that the sovereign people, entering on their reign, first took the famous plundering motto: "*La guerre aux châteaux et la paix aux chaumières*;" that is, *War to the gentlemen's houses, and peace to the cottage*; or, in other words, *war to all those who have any thing to lose*. This motto is extremely comprehensive; it includes the whole doctrine of equality. It was not a vain declaration in France; but was put in practice with that patriotic zeal which

has marked the whole course of the revolution. To be rich, or of a good family, became a crime, which was often expiated by the loss of life. Men took as much pains to be thought obscure vagabonds, as they had formerly done to be thought wealthy and of honest descent; and, what distinguishes the French revolution from all others in the world, to have a ragged pair of breeches, or to be totally in want of that so necessary article of dress, was esteemed the surest mark of pure patriotism, and was the greatest recommendation to public favour.

But the National Assembly, though heartily seconded by myriads of ragged populace, knew, however, that they could not long depend upon such a promiscuous support. The citizens were, therefore, to be soldiers at the same time, and placed under the command of the creatures of the Assembly. To this end the territory of the nation underwent a new division, on the levelling plan. The provinces of France were melted down into a rude undigested mass of departments, districts, and municipalities. All the old magistrates were replaced by the vilest wretches that could be found. There were forty four thousand municipalities, each of these had several municipal officers,

and each of these latter his troop of revolutionary myrmidons. There could not be less than *three millions* of men in arms, ready to burn, cut and slay at a moment's warning. Nothing was to be seen or heard but the patrolling of these sons of equality. The Assembly pretended to hold out the olive branch, while they were forming the nation into a camp. The peaceable man trembled for his life. One must have been an eye witness of the change produced by these measures, to have the least idea of it. All was suspicion and dread. The bell that had never rung but to call the peaceful villagers to the altar, was converted to a signal of approaching danger, and the tree, beneath which they formerly danced, became an alarm post. The ragged greasy magistrates, with their municipal troops at their heels, were for ever prowling about for their prey, the property of others. These little platoons of cut-throats ranged the country round, crying havock, burning and laying waste wherever they came. They had not yet begun to murder frequently, but it was little consequence to a man whether his brains were blowed out or not, after having seen himself and family reduced, in the space of a few hours, from affluence to beggary. A band of these enlightened ruffians went to the *chateau*, or country

house of a gentleman in Provence, and demanded that his person should be delivered into their hands. The servants defended the house for some time, but in vain; they advanced to the front door, when the lady of the house appeared with a child in her arms, and endeavoured to pacify them, saying that her husband was gone out at the back door. The ruffians instantly set fire to the house. When the lady perceived this, she confessed that her husband was hidden in one of the garrets. The house was now on fire; she left her child, and rushed through the flames to call her husband from his retreat, but she was stifled in the passage, and burnt to death, and her husband shared in her fate, leaving a helpless infant to the mercy of the murderers of its father and mother.—A hundred volumes like this could not contain the horrors that these revolutionary robbers committed in the name of *liberty and equality*.

Let this, Americans, be a lesson to you, throw from you the doctrine of *equality*, as you would the poisoned chalice. Wherever this detestable principle gains ground to any extent, ruin must inevitable ensue. Would you stifle the noble flame of emulation, and encourage ignorance and idleness? Would you inculcate defiance of the laws? Would you teach servants to be disobedient

to their masters, and children to their parents? Would you sow the seeds of envy, hatred, robbery, and murder? Would you break all the bands of society asunder, and turn a civilized people into a horde of savages? This is all done by the comprehensive word equality.—But they tell us we are not to take it in the unqualified sense. In what sense are we to take it then? Either it means something more than liberty, or it means nothing at all. The misconstruction of the word liberty has done mischief enough in the world; to add to it a word of a still more dangerous extent, was to kindle a flame that never can be extinguished but by the total debasement, if not destruction of the society, who are silly or wicked enough to adopt its use. We are told, that every government receives with its existence the latent disease that is one day to accomplish its death; but the government that is attacked with this political apoplexy is annihilated in the twinkling of an eye.

The civil disorganization of the state was but the forerunner of those curses which the Assembly had in store for their devoted country. They plainly perceived, that they never should be able to brutify the people to their wishes, without removing the formidable barriers of religion and morality.

Their heads were turned, but it was necessary to corrupt their hearts.

Besides this, the leaders in the Assembly were professed *modern philosophers*; that is to say, atheists or deists. Camus and Condorcet openly taught atheism, and Ceruti said with his last breath, “ *the only regret I have in quitting the world, is, that I leave a religion on earth.*” These words, the blasphemy of an expiring demon, were applauded by the assembled legislators. It was not to be wondered at, that the vanity of such men should be flattered in the hope of changing the *most christian* country into the *most infidel* upon the face of the earth; for, there is a sort of fanaticism in irreligion, that leads the profligate atheist to seek for proselytes with a zeal that would do honour to a good cause, but which employed in a bad one becomes the scourge of society.

The zeal of these philosophers for extirpating the truth was as great at least as that shown by the primitive christians for its propagation. But they proceeded in a very different manner. At first some circumspection was necessary. The more effectually to destroy the christian religion altogether, they began by sapping the foundations of the catholic faith, the only one that the people had been taught to revere. They formed a schism with the

church of Rome, well knowing that the opinions of the vulgar, once set afloat, were as likely to fix on atheism as on any other system; and more so, as being less opposed to their levelling principles than the rigid though simple morality of the gospel. A religion that teaches obedience to the higher powers, inculcates humility and peace, strictly forbids robbery and murder, and, in short, enjoins on men to do as they would be done unto, could by no means suit the armed ruffians, who were to accomplish the views of the French Assembly.

The press, which was made free for the worst of purposes, lent most powerful aid to these destructive reformers. While the catholic religion was ridiculed and abused, no other christian system was proposed in its stead; on the contrary, the profligate wretches who conducted the public prints, among whom were Mirabeau, Marat, Condorcet and Hebert, filled one half of their impious sheets with whatever could be thought of to degrade all religion in general. The ministers of divine worship, of every sect and denomination, were represented as cheats, and as the avowed enemies of the sublime and sentimental something, which the Assembly had in store for the regeneration of the world.

Most of my readers must have heard of the magnificent church at St. Genviève, at Paris. It was one of the most noble structures that the world had ever seen, and had besides the honour of being consecrated to the worship of Christ. This edifice the blasphemers seized on as a receptacle for the remains of their "*great men.*" From a christian church, they changed it into a pagan temple, and gave it the name of *Panttheon*. Condorcet, pre-eminent in infamy, proposed the decree, by which the name of God and that of St. Genviève were ordered to be effaced from the frontispiece.

To this *Panttheon* the ashes of Voltaire were first transported, and the Assembly spent no less than three days in determining whether those of *Rousseau* should not accompany them. This distinction, paid to two of the most celebrated deists of the age, was a full declaration of the principles as well as the intentions of the majority of the Assembly.

Those who have not had the patience to wade through the lies and blasphemies of Voltaire, know his principles from report. *Rousseau* is not so well known; and, as he was, and still continues to be, the great oracle of the revolutionists, I am persuaded a page or two on his character, and that of his works, will not be lost here; particularly

as I have heard both mentioned with Applause in this country, by persons apparently of the best intentions.

The philosopher Rousseau, the pagod of the regenerated French, was born at Geneva; and, at a proper age, bound an apprentice to an artist. During an apprenticeship he frequently robbed his master as well as other persons. Before his time was expired he decamped, fled into the dominions of the king of Sardinia, where he changed the presbyterian for the catholic religion. This beginning seemed to promise fair for what followed. By an unexpected turn of fortune he became a footman, in which capacity he did not forget his old habit of stealing. He is detected with the stolen goods; swears they were given him by a maid servant of the house; the girl is confronted with him, she denies the fact, and weeping presses him to confess the truth; but the young philosopher still persists in the lie, and the poor girl is driven from her place in disgrace.—Tired of being a serving-man, he went to throw himself on the protection of a lady, whom he had seen once before, and who he protests was the most *virtuous* creature of her sex. This lady had so great a regard of him, that he called him her *little darling*, and he called her *mama*. *Mama* had a footman, who served her be-

fides, in another capacity very much resembling that of a husband; but she had a most tender affection for her adopted son *Rousseau*, and, as she feared he was forming connections with a certain lady that might spoil his morals, she herself, out of pure virtue, took him—to bed with her!—This virtuous effort to preserve the purity of *Rousseau's* heart, had a dreadful effect on the head of the poor footman, and so he poisoned himself—*Rousseau* fell sick, and *mama* was obliged to part with *little darling*, while he performed a journey to the south of France, for the recovery of his health. On the road he dines with a gentleman, and lies with his wife. As he was returning back, he debated with himself whether he should pay this lady a second visit or not; but, fearing he might be tempted to seduce her daughter also, *virtue* got the better, and determined the *little darling* to fly home into the arms of his *mama*; but, alas! those arms were filled with another. *Mama's* virtue had prompted her to take a substitute, whom she liked too well to part with, and our philosopher was obliged to shift for himself. I should have told the reader, that the *little darling*, while he resided with his *mama*, went to make a tour with a young musician. Their friendship was warm, like that of most young men, and they were, besides, enjoined

ed to take particular care of each other during their travels. They travelled on for some time, agreed perfectly well, and vowed an everlasting friendship for each other. But, the musician, being one day taken in a fit, fell down in the street, which furnished the faithful Rousseau with an opportunity of slipping off with some of his things, and leaving him to the mercy of the people, in a town where he was a total stranger.

We seldom meet with so much villainy in a youth. His manhood was worthy of it. He turned apostate a second time, was driven from within the walls of his native city of Geneva, as an incendiary, and an apostle of anarchy and infidelity; nor did he forget how to thief.—At last the philosopher marries; but like a philosopher; that is, without going to church. He has a family of children, and, like a kind philosophical father, for fear they should want after his death, he sends them to the *poor-house* during his lifetime!—To conclude, the philosopher dies, and leaves the philosopheress, his wife, to the protection of a friend; she marries a footman, and gets turned out into the street.

This is a brief sketch of the life of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the oracle of the regenerated French, a thief, a whoremaster, an adulterer, a treacherous friend, an unnatu-

ral father, and twice an apostate.—There wants only about a hundred murders to make him equal to the immortal Marat, whom we have seen compared to Jesus Christ. This vile wretch has the impudence to say, in the work that contains a confession of these his crimes, that no man can come to the throne of God, and say, *I am a better man than Rousseau.*

His writings, though they have very great literary merit, contain such principles as might be expected from such a man. He has exhausted all the powers of reasoning and all the charms of eloquence in the cause of anarchy and irreligion. And his writings are so much the more dangerous, as he winds himself into favour with the unwary, by an eternal cant about *virtue* and *liberty*. He seems to have assumed the mask of virtue for no other purpose than that of propagating with more certain success the blackest and most incorrigible vice *.

* Two philosophers can seldom agree more than two persons of any other profession; so it happened with *Voltaire* and *Rousseau*. The humorous prophetic satire of the former, occasioned by the publication of *Rousseau's* romance, the *New Eloisa*, is so well worthy of a place here, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of translating an extract or two from it.

“ In those days there will appear in France a wonderful man. He will say unto the people, behold! I am possessed by the demon of enthusiasm; I have re-

This was the man and the writer that the constituent Assembly held up to the imitation and even adoration of the poor deluded French people. The ashes of this thieving philosopher cost the nation almost two thousand guineas in debates.

Those who know, what power novelty has on the French; with what enthusiasm, or rather fury, they adopt whatever is in

ceived from heaven the gift of paradoxical inconsistency; and the light-heeled multitude will dance after him and many will adore him. And he will say, you are all rascals and prostitutes, and I detest rascals and prostitutes, and I come to live amongst you. And he will add, the men and women are all virtuous in the republic of Geneva, where I was born, and I love virtuous men and women, and I will not live in the country where I was born.—He will protest that the play-house is a school of prostitution and corruption, and he will write operas and plays.—He will advise mankind to go stark naked, and he will wear laced cloths, when given unto him.—He will swear that romances corrupt the morals of all who read them, and he will compose a romance; and in this romance will be seen vice in deeds and virtue in words, and the lovers will be mad with love and with philosophy; and this romance will teach how to seduce a young girl philosophically; and the disciple will lose all shame and modesty: and she will practise foolishness, and raise maxims and paradoxes with her master; and she will kiss first, and ask him to lie with her, and he will actually lie with her, and she will become round and pregnant with metaphysics. And this they will call philosophy and virtue, and they will talk about philosophy and virtue, till no soul on earth will know what philosophy and virtue is.”

vogue, may guess at the effect that this philosophical canonization of Rousseau produced. Every thing was *a la Rousseau*; his works were hawked about, mouthed in the National Assembly (often by those who understood them not) recommended in all the prints, and spouted at the fans-culotte clubs. His old boorish sayings became the liveliest traits of wit, all his manners were imitated, to be crusty and ill-bred was like Jean Jacques, and, what was particularly offensive to every just mind, his loathsome down-looking portrait, that portrait which seems to be the chosen seat of guilt, was seen at every corner, and in every hand.

Having thus prepared the public mind, the Assembly made a bold attack on the church. They discovered, by the light of philosophy, that France contained too many churches, and, of course, too many pastors. Great part of them were therefore to be suppressed, and to make the innovation go down with the people, all tithes were to be abolished. The measure succeeded; but what did the people gain by the abolition of the tithes? not a farthing; for, a tax of twenty *per cent.* was immediately laid on the lands in consequence of it. The cheat was not perceived till it was too late.

Pholias won, dom

But, the abolition of the tithes, the only motive of which was to debase the clergy in the opinions of the people, was but a trifle to what was to follow. The religious orders, that is to say, the communities of monks and nuns, possessed immense landed estates, and these the honest Assembly had marked for their own. As a pretext for the seizure they first decreed, that the wealth of the religious orders *belonged to the nation*, to that indefinite being, that exists every where and no where, and that has devoured all, without receiving any thing.

As this act of seizing the estates of the regular clergy, was one of those that gave a decisive blow to property as well as religion in France, and one that has received the greatest applauses in this country, I shall enter a little at length into the flagrant injustice of it. Nor is the subject inapplicable to ourselves; for, though there are no religious orders in America, there are many people of property, and it is of a violation of property that I here charge the Assembly.

How the estates of the religious orders became the property of a certain somebody called the nation, in 1791, is to me wholly inconceivable; seeing that there never was a time, when they belonged to that society of men, now called the French. Great

part of the monasteries had been founded five, six, seven hundred years, and some above a thousand years before the most worthless of the French took it into their heads to be so many sovereigns. The founders were men of pious and austere lives, who, wishing to retire from the world, obtained grants of uncultivated land, generally in some barren and solitary spot. There they formed little miserable settlements, which, by their frugality and labour, in time became rich meadows, farms and vineyards. A French historian, speaking of St. Etienne, says: "In 1058, he retired to Citeaux, then a vast forest, inhabited only by wild beasts. Here, with the help of his followers, he built a monastery of the wood of the forest; but, at first, it was no more than a group of shabby huts. Every thing bore the marks of extreme poverty: the cross was of wood, the censers of copper, and the candlesticks of iron. All the ornaments were of coarse woollen or linen. Labour was the only means of subsistence with the monks of Citeaux. For many years bread was their only food, and they were often reduced to a scarcity of even that."

In time this forest became a cultivated and flourishing estate, and the successors of

the first proprietors were not only at their ease, but even rich. The monastery, which was at first but a clump of ill-shaped huts, built with the limbs of trees, bark and turf, was become a magnificent pile. The church was beautiful beyond description. Instead of wood and copper and iron, the symbols of religion and the sacred vases were now of gold, silver and precious stones. This abbey, at the time of the seizure by the Constituent Assembly, had an annual revenue of 120,000 French livres, or, about 6000 pounds sterling.

Now, I ask any honest man, was this the property of the French nation, or not? By what rule of right, by what principle of law or justice, could this estate belong to any other than the *lawful* successors of the first proprietors; that is to say, the possessors at the epoch of the seizure? No title ever framed by man could be so good as theirs. The community at Citeaux had never ceased to exist, nor for a single moment ceased to keep possession of their Abbey and its dependencies. They had first obtained a lawful grant of the land, had cleared, cultivated, and enriched it; and had enjoyed an uninterrupted possession during the space of seven hundred and thirty two years? but, at the end of the *enlightened* eighteenth century, the *Age of Reason*, up starts a horde

of lazy worthless ruffians, calling themselves the nation, and lay claim to their estates !

Bulteau, in speaking of St. Benedict, says : “ The bodily labour ordered by this
 “ wise founder, was a source of peace and
 “ tranquility to the first monks, and of
 “ opulence to their successors. The mo-
 “ nasteries were long an asylum to those
 “ christians, who fled from the oppressions
 “ of the Goths and Vandals. The little
 “ learning that remained in the barbarous
 “ and dark ages was preserved in the
 “ cloisters. It is to them we owe all the
 “ most precious remains of antiquity, as
 “ well as many modern inventions.”—In-
 deed, under the great disposer of all events,
 it is to them we owe that we are christians ;
 that we possess the word of God, our guide
 to eternal life. They not only preserved this
 inestimable volume, but spread it in every
 country in the world. Without their agen-
 cy, our ancestors might have continued
 pagans ; nay, we ourselves, perhaps, might
 now have been sacrificing our children in
 the hollow of a Wicker-Idol.—Every man
 of any reading knows, that the monasteries
 have continued to enrich the world with
 learned and useful productions. Some of
 the writings that do the greatest honour to

the French nation, and to the human mind, have issued from the cloister. And yet, we have seen these men robbed of their estates, stripped of even their furniture and their vestments, driven from beneath their roofs, hunted like wild beasts, and, what I am ashamed to say, many of us have had the folly, or rather baseness, to applaud their unprincipled and blood-thirsty pursuers *.

* I cannot help observing here, that these unjust and inhuman applauders have not always been confined to the mob. An "*Oration on the Progress of Reason*," delivered at a Public Commencement in the University of Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the 18th of July, 1792, contains a philippic against the injured French Monarch and Clergy, the most illiberal that ever disgraced the lips of a petulant self-sufficient pedant. The *Orator* discovers but little knowledge of any branch of his subject, and more particularly of the character of Louis XVI. of that of the French Clergy, and of the nature of the old government; against all which he runs on in a strain of invective, more resembling the brutal abusiveness of Calvin, than any thing we ought to expect to hear from the chair of a seminary, at the close of the "*enlightened* eighteenth century."—Like many others, this *Orator* looked upon the French Revolution as happily terminated; as the dawn of universal peace, liberty, and virtue; he has since had time to see his error, to see the effects of his "*Progress of Reason*," some of which I have related in the former part of this volume; if he be candid, therefore, he will publicly retract this error. If he should not do this, I shall take the liberty, one of these days, of convincing him that he has erred.

We are told that the monks were become too rich. Indeed this was their great offence in the eyes of an Assembly, whose motto was : “ War to the rich and peace “ to the cottager.” But we have seen that the foundation of these riches was laid by the labour of their predecessors, and we may observe that they were augmented, not by oppression, as has been falsely asserted, but by a prudent management of their estates. Those communities that cultivated their own lands, were noted for the excellent manner of their cultivation, and for the superior quality of their produce ; and those that rented out their farms let them at a low rate, so as to enable the farmer to enrich the land at the same time that he enriched himself. It was by such means that their estates became the most valuable in the country, a circumstance that poor shallow-headed Paine has brought against them as a heinous offence. They were gentle humane masters and landlords : a man looked upon his fortune as made, when he became the tenant of a religious order.

And, how were these riches spent ? Not in horses and coaches ; people shut up in a cloister had no use for these. Not in balls and plays ; for there they could never appear. Not in rich attire and costly repasts ; for the greatest part of them were clothed

worse than common beggars, and were forbidden the use of meat, and even of wine, the common drink of their country. Their riches did not go to aggrandize their families; because, as no individual could possess any thing, so he could bequeath or dispose of nothing. Who, then, profited from these riches?—Go ask the poor, who were happy in the neighbourhood of their convents. Go ask the aged, the infirm, the widow and the orphan. And, ask them, too, what aid and consolation they have received from the thieving philosophers of the Revolution.

This charge of being *too rich*, is the most absurd as well as the most vile that could possibly be invented. Do we say to a man, who has acquired an immense fortune by the labour of his father, or by any other means; you are *too rich*, and therefore your property belongs to the nation?—There is a community at Bethlehem, very much resembling those we have here been speaking of. What should we think of a scoundrel legislator, who should propose to strip these people of their property, and turn them out to beg their bread, merely because the value of their lands is increased? Such was he who first proposed the seizure of the church lands in France.

Some of the convents in France had been founded by lay persons, upon such and such conditions; and, in case of failure on the part of the community, the property was to revert to the heirs of the donor. Foundations of this kind were exactly resembling those we frequently see among us, of hospitals, seminaries, &c. and the deeds were still in existence at the time of the seizure; but an Assembly that paid no respect to a right of prescription, founded on a thousand years of uninterrupted possession, could not be expected to pay attention to the contents of a bit of old parchment.

We ought not to be astonished at hearing the author of *The Age of Reason* attempt to justify this act of impudent fraud; but let us see how his doctrine would suit, if applied to ourselves: for this is the only way to determine on its merits. Suppose (which God forbid!) the principles of the French Revolution should be adopted by our Legislature, and they should declare all the meeting-houses, seminaries, hospitals, &c. together with the estates which have been left for their support, *the property of the nation*, how should we receive this? Suppose an army of cut-throats should be sent to the Friends Meeting-house and thrust them out with the points of their bayonets; suppose another should go to the episcopal church,

drive the congregation from the altar, strip the minister of his cassock, seize on the sacramental cup, and turn the church into a stable ; I ask how should we like this ?— But, we are told, there is a vast difference ; that the monks were superstitious drones, useless to society.—Ah ! let us beware. Let us take care not to condemn, because we are protestants, a religion that differs from our own in form only ; a religion that has yet more votaries than any other christian profession can boast of. And, as to the religious orders being useless to society, we have no proofs of this, but strong presumptive ones of the contrary ; for, we know, that France was great and happy, that it had been increasing in extent, wealth and population, since the existence of those communities. However, I can by no means take upon me to prove the public utility of the monastic life ; nor is it necessary ; for, if no man is to possess property, unless he can prove his utility to society, I am afraid that few of us would be secure. How many hundreds of proprietors do we see, who are much *worse* than useless to society ! Surely the public is as much benefited by a man who spends his life in a convent, as by one who spends it in a tavern, at a billiard-table, or in a playhouse. Thousands and thousands there are who never worked a stroke,

nor studied a single hour; vegetating mortals, who seem to live only to eat and drink, and be carried about. Yet we have never thought of seizing their estates. No; utility or inutility has nothing to do with the matter; the question before us is a simple question of right. Whether monks were necessary or useful in France, or not, we know there were such people, and that they possessed property legally acquired; and every honest man, capable of distinguishing between right and wrong, will hold in abhorrence the Assembly that dared to rob them of it.

When we hear of such crying acts of injustice as this, we are naturally led to enquire who were the first promoters of them. The reader will be astonished to hear, that the decree for this national robbery was first proposed by a bishop. Of a hundred and thirty eight French bishops, there were only *four* to be found, who would give their approbation to this deed, and one of these four was he who proposed the decree. The Abbé Barruel speaks of him in the following terms: "The Assembly thought it high
"time to consummate their designs upon the
"church, by seizing what still remained of
"its possessions. This measure was so evidently contrary to every principle of justice and common honesty, that it was not

" easy to find a man so totally lost to every
 " sentiment of humanity as to bring it for-
 " ward. This second Judas was at last
 " found in the college of the apostles. This
 " was *Taillerand Perigord*, bishop of Au-
 " tun.—This Perigord possessed all the base-
 " nefs, all the vices of a Jew."—*See hist. of*
the French clergy, page 15.

To obtain the sanction of the people to
 this act, they were told, that the wealth of
 the church would not only pay off the na-
 tional debt, but render taxes in future un-
 necessary. No deception was ever so bare-
 faced as this; but even this was not want-
 ed; for the people themselves had already
 begun to taste the sweets of plunder. Avarice
 tempted the trading part of the nation
 to approve of the measure. At the time
 of passing the decree they were seen among
 the first to applaud it. They saw an easy
 means of obtaining those fine rich estates,
 the possession of which they had, perhaps,
 long coveted. In vain were they told, that
 the purchaser would partake in the infamy
 of the robbery; that, if the title of the
 communities could not render property
 secure, that same property could never be
 secure under any title the plunderers could
 give. In vain were they told, that in sanc-
 tioning the seizure of the wealth of others,
 they were sanctioning the seizure of their

own, whenever that all-devouring monster, the sovereign people, should call on them for it. In vain were they told all this: they purchased: they saw with pleasure the plundered clergy driven from their dwellings; but scarcely had they taken possession of their ill-gotten wealth, when not only that, but the remains of their other property were wrenched from them. Since that we have seen decree upon decree launched forth against the rich: their account books have been submitted to public examination: they have been obliged to give drafts for the funds they possessed even in foreign countries; all their letters have been intercepted and read. How many hundreds of them have we seen led to the scaffold, merely because they were proprietors of what their sovereign stood in need of! these were acts of unexampled tyranny; but, as they respected the persons who applauded the seizure of the estates of the church, they were perfectly just. Several of these avaricious purchasers have been murdered within the walls of those buildings, whence they had assisted to drive the lawful proprietors: this was just: it was the measure they had meted to others. They shared the fate of the injured clergy, without sharing the pity which that fate excited. When dragged

forth to slaughter in their turn, they were left without even the right of complaining : the last stab of the assassin was accompanied with the cutting reflection, that it was just.

I have dwelt the longer on this subject, as it is, perhaps, the most striking and most awful example of the consequences of a violation of property, that the world ever saw. Let it serve to warn all those who wish to raise their fortunes on the ruin of others, that sooner or later, their own turn must come. From this act of the Constituent Assembly we may date the violation, in France, of every right that men ought to hold dear. Hence the seizure of all gold and silver as the property of the nation : hence the law preventing the son to claim the wealth of his father : hence the abominable tyranny of requisitions ; and hence thousands and thousands of the murders, that have disgraced unhappy France.

Since the seizure of the church estates, there has not, in fact, been any such thing as private property in France ; for, though the Constituent Assembly did not pass a decree of this import, they knew perfectly well how to pass decrees and establish regulations amounting to the same thing. Some of their enormous contributions on the rich, were called *patriotic gifts* ; but he who refused to pay the *gift* inserted in the list, knew

he had but a few hours to live. The money and jewels, deposited at the bar of the Assembly and on the altar of the country, amounted to immense sums. These were held out as a proof of a general approbation of their measures; but had the Assembly been candid, they would have confessed, that these offerings were the pure effect of fear, of a panic that had seized all the proprietors in the nation, and that each giver's hatred to their cause might be measured by the sum he deposited. It was not a grateful free-will offering, but a sacrifice, that the trembling wretch came to offer at the shrine of tyranny, in order to save his house from the flames, or his own head, or that of some dear relation or parent from the scaffold. Could a man, reduced to acts like this, be said to *possess* any thing?

The successors of the Constituent Assembly laid aside the mask, as no longer necessary. On the 13th of March, 1794, all the Merchants of Bourdeaux (known for one of the most infamously patriotic towns in the kingdom) were arrested in one day, and condemned, in presence of the guillotine, to a fine of *one hundred millions* of French livres, upwards of *four millions sterling*. On the 18th of April, the rich Banker, La Borde, after having *purchased his life eight times*, was guillotined, and the re-

mainder of his riches confiscated. On the 10th of May, twenty-seven rich Farmers-General were executed, because they had massed riches under the monarchy. Finally, on the 27th of June, all property, of whatever description, was decreed *to belong to the nation*, and was put in a state of requisition accordingly, as the *persons* of the whole of the inhabitants had been before.

The milk-and-water admirers of the Constituent Assembly pretend to be shocked at these measures; but, what are these measures more than an improvement on those of that Assembly? The progress was not only natural, but even necessary to the support of the revolution. Had there been still church-estates to seize, and monks to murder, it is probable, that the tyrants, who have succeeded the Constituent Assembly, would not have surpassed their predecessors; but, that source being exhausted, they were obliged to find out others, or return to order and obedience. And, I should be glad to know, if the property of one individual, or one society, was become the property of the sovereign people by virtue of a decree of one Assembly, why the same claim should not be made to the property of other individuals, or other societies. Nor can I believe, whatever Atheists and

Deists may say to the contrary, that it was any more unjust to guillotine Bankers and Merchants, or even *members of the Constituent Assembly*, than to guillotine or massacre poor, defenceless, friendless Priests. There is such an intimate connection between the security of property, and that of the person to whom that property belongs, that one can never be said to be safe, while the other is in danger. Tyrant princes, tyrant assemblies, or tyrant mobs, when once they are suffered to take away with impunity the property of the innocent man, will feel little scruple at taking away his life also. Robbery and murder are the natural auxiliaries of each other, and, with a people rendered ferocious and hardened by an infidel system that removes all fear of an hereafter, they must for ever be inseparable.

Before the decree was passed for the assumption of the estates of the regular clergy, every calumny that falsehood could invent, and every vexation that Tyranny could enforce, were employed to debase the whole body of the clergy and the religion they taught. Songs and caricatures were sung, or hawked about, by shameless strumpets in the pay of the Assembly. In these not only the clerical functions and the lives of the clergy were ridiculed, but even the life of

Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary. The *Incarnation* of our Saviour became the subject of a *farce*, in the smutty language of Parisian fish-women. Who were the characters in this farce, I leave the shuddering reader to conceive.

A decree, in form of an *invitation* *, was issued, for bringing the gold and silver from the churches to the mint. It was well known, that there were none of these metals in the churches, except the vases, the crucifixes, and other symbols, hitherto held sacred. What an effect the coining up of these must have on the minds of the giddy multitude, is not difficult to imagine. Many, however, even of the most depraved, felt a momentary horror; but this horror the Assembly knew how to do away. Hundreds, I might say thousands, of abandoned scribblers were employed to propagate the new principles. Their little filthy ditties were spread through all the departments, *at the expence of the nation*. Some of these

* "Invitations from superiors," says some one, "favour strongly of commands." This was so much the case in the present instance, that the priest who dared to disobey, was sure to expiate his disobedience with his life. The magistrates often entered the church and seized the chalices on the altar, during the celebration of the mass. Such are revolutionary *invitations*.

were catechisms in rhyme, in which the Constitution was substituted for God, the Assembly for the saints, and both recommended to the adoration of the French patriots. The journal, or Letter, as it was called, of *Pere du Chêne*, written by one Hebert, and of which it is said fifty thousand copies were struck off daily, was sent into the towns and villages by the carriers of the decrees of the Assembly. This Hebert, whose Strumpet has since been adored at Paris, as the Goddess of *Reason*, was a professed atheist. His journal contained the most outrageous abuse of all that was respectable and sacred, interlarded with oaths and execrations without number. I have one now before me, which has for title: "*Lettre du veritable Pere du Chêne, bougrement patriotique*," in English: "Letter of the true Father du Chêne b—gerly patriotic;" I would here insert an extract from this letter; but, I trust I shall be believed, when I say, the contents are fully answerable to the title. Such were the agents of Condorcet and his colleagues; thus did they corrupt the morals of the people; thus did they lead them from one degree of vice to another; thus were they hardened up to rob and to murder; and thus did the boasted Constituent Assembly lay

the foundation of all those horrors we have since heard of.

The magistrates in the different municipalities, chosen from the scum of the nation, distributed these infernal writings among the people in their precincts, and particularly among the young people. If, by chance, some magistrate was found, too scrupulous to execute their will, means were soon invented to get rid of him. Some pretext or other was never wanting to excite the mob to put an end to him and his resistance. Chatel, Mayor of St. Denys, was one of this description. The mob were told that this man was the cause of the dearness of bread. They flew to his house, and obliged him to reduce the price according to their will; though it was well known, that he had not the power to reduce it at all unless at his own expence. The rabble were dispersing; but they had not fulfilled the bloody wishes of the revolutionary agents, who had nothing less in view than the lowering of the price of bread. They were instigated to return to the unfortunate magistrate. First, they attempted to hang him; but, wearied with his resistance, one of them took out his knife, and cut his head partly off, while several others pricked him with their bayonets. The unhappy

victim was still alive after the back of his neck was cut asunder, and was heard to groan out : “ *for heaven’s sake kill me ! kill me ! you make me suffer too long !*”—The sanguinary villain, who had begun to cut his head off, now threw away his knife, and borrowed that of his comrade, with which he finished the work. When he found that his own knife was not sufficient, he said, with a cool indifference : “ *lend me your knife, for mine is not worse a curse.*” That which was lent him was a little twopenny knife with a wooden handle.—During this time, other assassins gave him several stabs, with their knives, in the belly and stomach ; one of them turned his knife slowly in the flank of the dying man, and said to him, laughing : “ *Does that enter well ? Don’t you find the day-light peep into you ?*”—He at last expired, after the most inconceivable torments. His body was dragged along the streets of St. Denys with his head tied to his feet.—A resolution of the town has since declared him innocent of any offence whatever : he had given abundant assistance to the poor the winter before : the diminution he had just made in the price of bread was at his own expence ; and this barbarous punishment was his recompence. His wife went distracted, and has ever since been in a mad-house. His assassins obtained pardon

from the Assembly, a circumstance much less surprising, than that they should think it necessary to ask it. See *du Cour's Memoire*, page 57.

Examples of this kind, and such were wanting in very few parts of the country, could not fail to ensure an implicit obedience on the part of the magistrates.

The debasement of religion was nearly completely by the public sale of the suppressed churches and monasteries. The grossest indecency presided at all these demoniac scenes. When the vile agent of the Assembly, hammer in hand, had exhausted his auctioneer rhetoric, in recommending a church as an excellent barn, stable, or play-house, it was knocked down to the base and avaricious speculator, while the hireling mob shouted applause. The church of St. Aldegonde at St. Omer's (I love to cite instances) the highest in that ancient town, and for hundreds of years the pride of its inhabitants, was sold to a *Jew* of Dunkirk, for the pitiful sum of 20,000 French livres in assignats, not more than 200 pounds sterling, nor half the cost of one of the pillars. This beautiful edifice, by the spire of which the town was known at a great distance, had been chosen for destruction, that the humiliation of religion might be the more striking. It met with such treatment as

might be expected from the hands of an infidel. Its lofty spire was tumbled to the earth in less than a month : the body of the church was turned into a ropewalk, and the *Jew* proprietor, to complete the degradation of Christianity, left a representation of the Lord's Supper uneffaced in the chancel. What must be the grief, what the indignation of the thinking and pious part of the inhabitants of St. Omer's, thus to see their favourite church, the sanctuary of their God, and the God of their fathers, delivered, for a bundle of depreciated paper-money, into the hands of a descendant of the murderers of him, to whose worship it was consecrated !

To give the reader a just idea of the ribaldry of the scenes of brutal impiety, exhibited at the pillages of the convents, is totally impossible. A dozen or two of carts rattling along with a commissary at their head, followed by an escort of ragamuffins, decorated with a bit of three-coloured ribbon, and armed with hammers, axes, crow-bars and spades, generally formed the corps for such an expedition. Hardly were the doors opened, when the vaults rang with their hammering and their oaths. In a few hours the whole was gutted. The decorations of the altar, the priest's vestments, statues, pictures, books, manuscripts, the most precious pieces of antiquity, the productions of long and

laborious lives of study, were hauled away as so much rubbish. The paintings on the doors, walls, cielings, and other fixtures, were effaced or disfigured; the fury of the *enlightened* ruffians descended even to the graves of the deceased fathers.

At the expulsion of the nuns, the conduct of the revolutionists, was, if possible, still more swinish and cruel. While the gibing commissary pulled aside their veils to examine their faces, his blackguard attendants congratulated them on the *pleasures* they were going to enjoy in the world, and this in a language calculated to raise a blush on the cheek on a common street-walker. They seemed to enjoy their tears, and even to make some sacrifices to augment them. Had any one a piece of needlework which she wished to preserve, it was rent to pieces before her face. A singing bird that had the misfortune to have been the companion of the solitary hours of its mistress, was sure to be taken from her and killed. To these dejected and defenceless females, every insult and indignity was offered, not forgetting the last of which beastly libertines can be guilty.

In a country where the crucifix was sent to the mint, where churches were put up at auction; where the half-worn cassock, the surplice, and the veil, made part of the assortment of a dealer in old cloaths, and were

exposed to public sale on the market-place; where the ministers of the gospel were scoffed at, reviled, and frequently murdered with as little ceremony as one would kill a dog; where the most daring blasphemies were uttered and published and spread through the country, not only with the permission of its governors, but by their direction; in a country where all this was practised, religion could not be of long duration. Religion, and even the Catholic religion, did, however, still subsist in France, at least, in *form*. The Assembly had as yet passed no positive decree for its abolition. They had robbed the church, had stripped its altars, and degraded its ministers; but still the most pious and active of those ministers were left in the exercise of their functions. The parochial clergy, though deprived of the tithes, had a stipend allowed them. They yet remained with their parishioners, many of whom, indeed nearly all the elderly and sober part of them, continued as firmly attached to their pastors, as at any former period.

Things were not suffered to remain long in this state. The Constituent Assembly well knew, that they and religion could never exist for any length of time in the same country. The parochial clergy were

men of talents and industry. They generally decided all the little disputes between their parishioners; to which amicable capacity, they often joined that of physician or surgeon; and these their beneficent services were always rendered without fee or reward. Even the atheists and deists themselves had repeatedly acknowledged their virtuous modesty, and the great utility they were of to the community at large. Such a body of men, immoveably attached to the religion they taught, was truly formidable to the new tyrants. Religion had received a severe blow; but, if these men retained their cures, it might recover. Nay, what was still more dreadful, the monarchy itself might recover along with it; and it is not difficult to conceive, how an idea like this must haunt the minds of the pupils of the savage and impious Diderot, who hoped to see "the last of kings strangled with the guts of the last of priests." In short, the parochial clergy, were the only men on earth they had now to fear, and these they got rid of by a stratagem worthy of an Assembly, the leaders of which joined to the most hardened wickedness, the profoundest dissimulation.

They laid aside the *Rights of Man*, together with the famous constitution, from which they took the adjunct to their name,

and which we have since seen burnt by the hands of the common hangman (or rather common guillotiner) in that very city of Paris, where it had been issued amidst the applauses and even adorations of the populace. They laid aside the discussion of this instrument of short-lived and ridiculous memory, to draw up another, which they were pleased to call, "the Civil Constitution of the Clergy." They were constitution mad, absolutely frantic.

It might be sufficient to say of this latter constitution, that it was just as subversive of religion as their other constitution was of every principle of government and sound policy. They knew it to be in direct opposition to the very nature of the catholic religion: yet they had the assurance to tell the people, that it was not; they even went so far as to protest, that they would live and die in the religion of their forefathers, at the very moment when they were taking the surest measure in the world for destroying it. They were led to this hypocritical declaration from a fear that the body of the people were not yet ripe for a total abolition of religion, and, as we shall see in the sequel, this fear was not entirely unfounded. By persuading the people, that nothing was intended against their faith, they had an additional handle against the clergy, by re-

presenting them as unfriendly to their "Civil Constitution," merely because it was necessary to the support of the *Rights of Man*.

This instrument did not, however, pass into a law, without considerable resistance. There were yet some honest and virtuous men even among the members of the Constituent Assembly. These had remained with them, not to aid in overturning the government, and effecting the dreadful revolution that has since rendered the country a slaughter-house, but to oppose the destructive measures of the philosophers, and, if possible save the sinking state. At the head of these was the learned and eloquent Abbé Maury. He opposed this "Civil Constitution," with all the powers of reasoning, and all the charms of eloquence: but it was casting pearls before swine. When was an atheist open to conviction. The decree passed, and was soon after followed by another, obliging the clergy to swear to observe and maintain the "Civil Constitution." This oath they could not take without breaking that which they had taken at entering into the priesthood; and that the Assembly had every reason to suppose they would not do. Whether they did or not, however, the end of their tyrants was answered: if they refused, they were to be driven from their livings; if they complied,

they must be looked upon as apostates, and be deserted by all those who were still attached to them. In either case the tottering remains of religion must come to the ground. The clergy, and indeed the whole nation, and all Europe, saw the real object of this inhuman and impious decree; but the Assembly, surrounded with their *enlightened* myrmidons, the Parisian mob, bid defiance to earth and heaven.

Generally speaking, the clergy were resolved not to take the oath. "Lose no time," said the Abbé Maury, "in the delivery of your challenge. By shedding our blood you may ingratiate yourselves with your constituents. Lose, then, not a single moment. Your victims are here; they are ready. To their torments add not that of suspense. Why not vote at once for our execution, glut your hatred, and quench for a little your thirst for blood? Hasten, I say, while the power is in your hands; for remember, I now foretel, *your reign will be of short duration.*"

This prophetic address, which we have seen so fully verified, served only to inflame. Eight days only were given the clergy to determine on compliance or refusal, during which no stratagem that base and degene-

rate tyranny could devise, was left uneffayed to intimidate them. This was ever their practice, when they had an important blow to strike. Rochefoucauld, formerly a duke, declared, at the time the decree for the seizure of the monasteries was under deliberation, that “ *the lives of the bishops and* “ *priests, in the Assembly, depended upon the* “ *passing of it;*” and, in order to silence all those who opposed it, a list of their names was stuck up on the walls, with a promise of a reward of “ twelve hundred livres to “ *any patriot who would assassinate them.*” According to this laudable custom, this instance of French liberty, when the day for taking the oath, or, as it was well-termed, “ the for-swearing day” arrived, the Assembly took care to call in the aid of the fish-women and mob. “ *To the lamp-post with* “ *the non-juring bishops and priests!*” was echoed from the streets and the galleries. The ruffians were prepared for murder, and were howling for their prey, like so many wolves round a sheep-fold.

Let the reader imagine himself in the situation of one of these unfortunate clergymen: an oath of apostacy before him, and a halter behind his back, and then let him give me his opinion of the *rights of man.*

This did not intimidate the clergy, only thirty of whom could be prevailed on to submit, and these were already known to have abandoned their religion. When the oath was tendered to the bishop of Agen, "Gentlemen," says he, "I lament not the loss of my fortune; but there is another loss which I should ever lament, the loss of your esteem and my faith. I could not fail to lose both, if I took the oath now proposed to me." The old bishop of Poitiers, fearing he might lose so fair an opportunity of bearing testimony of his sincerity, advanced to the tribune, and calling on the president to command silence; "Gentlemen," said he, "I am seventy years old; I have been thirty years a bishop: I will never disgrace my gray hairs by an oath of apostacy." Upon this manly declaration of the reverend old prelate, the clergy rose from their seats, thanked him for his example, and told the Assembly he had expressed their unanimous sentiments.

Not being a Roman Catholic, I hope I shall be excused, when I freely declare, that I much question, whether the ministers of any Protestant communion, in a moment so terrible, surrounded with assassins, and without a single friend, would have shown such a noble intrepidity. "They have

"lost their money," said the profligate Mirabeau, on this occasion, "*but they have saved their honour.*" * And, if this was

* Doctor Priestley (Fast Sermon of 1794, page 46,) says: "When I was myself in France, in 1774, I saw sufficient reason to believe, that *hardly any person of eminence*, in church or state, and especially in the least degree eminent in *philosophy*, or literature, was a believer in christianity; and no person will suppose that there has been any change in favour of christianity *in the last twenty years.*"—The Doctor will allow, I suppose, that bishops are "*persons of eminence in the church*;" if he does, it will appear that he knew but very little of those of the French church, and that he formed a very rash opinion (to say the best of it) concerning their belief in christianity; for, of *one hundred and thirty-eight* bishops, only four, namely, Taillerand, Brienne, Jarante, and Gobet, took the oath of apostacy. But, he will say; I meant, "*those eminent in philosophy and literature.*" Ah! eminent in *philosophy*! here he is right. No, no; not one of the *philosophical divines* believed in christianity; they looked upon Christ, as the Unitarians do; that is, as a sort of "*teacher*:" but, to the honour of the French bishops, there were but four of these philosophers amongst them. As to the other *hundred and thirty*, if they have not given a proof of their belief, I should be glad to know from the Doctor, what proof he will please to be satisfied with.—Their refusal to take the oath could be dictated by nothing but their belief in christianity, and their determination not to dishonour it. Had not this been the case, they would have taken the oaths, and preserved their fortunes. They were in a country where the mob do not, like those of Birmingham, content themselves with the

the case, what had the Assembly done? If, to *preserve honour*, it was necessary to refuse an obedience to their decrees, what sort of decrees must those be?

The Assembly were disconcerted by this firm resistance on the part of the clergy? they knew the clergy in general would never take the oath, but they did not imagine

execution of an *effigy*; they execute the person. Yet they remained at their post: they did not *decamp in disguise*. Even if they escaped the knives of the cut-throats; they knew that poverty, beggary, a lingering existence, must be the price of their refusal. They could not *bring an action against the city of Paris*: no *damages* are granted by a jury in that country. They could not *preach and prate against the government* with impunity; they could not *transfer their property*, and *emigrate in open day*. There are such things as national guards, municipalities, passports, halters, daggers, knives, drowning-boats, and *the rights of man*, in France. We have since seen several of these bishops, or men "of eminence in the church," refuse, with the bloody poignard at their breasts, to take this oath. Would they have done this, had they been what Doctor Priestley has represented them to be? would they have done this, had they been atheists or deists? nay, would they have done this, had they been *Unitarians*? If we are to judge from the conduct of the Doctor, they would not.—I will not take upon me to say, that the philosophical political divine meant to propagate an atrocious calumny by this sermon of his: I shall only observe, that the sermon was preached long after the French bishops had given these undeniable proofs of their faith and sincerity.

that those amongst themselves, would, amidst the vociferations of their cannibals, have the courage to give such a positive denial. For a moment they felt abashed; but they were gone too far to think of retreating. The apostate Abbé Gregoire, whom we have since seen amongst the organizers of a pagan festival, was, on this occasion chosen to convince the clergy, that the oath might be taken, without any violation of their faith. After this, in order to deprive the clergy of an opportunity of defending their opinions in opposition to the oath, they were ordered to advance and take it at once. This decree had no effect: not a man advanced. Now the matter was brought to a point: the decree for enforcing the oath must be repealed, or the clergy must be driven from their livings, and those in the Assembly from their seats. It is hardly necessary to say that the latter was adopted: one tyrannical measure is the natural and inevitable consequence of another.

A decree was now passed for the expulsion of all the non-juring bishops and priests, and for the choosing of others in their stead. From this day, it may be said, there was no such thing as an established religion in France. The axe had long been laid to the root of the tree; it was ready to fall, and this stroke levelled it with the earth.

Had the dispute been about this or that tenet; had the oath been imposed with an intention of exchanging one religion for another, the case would have been different; the expulsion might have taken place without any very considerable injury to the morals of the people. But, the struggle was that of religion against irreligion, that of christianity against atheism.

It was (I hope it is so no longer) the opinion of Doctor Priestley, and many other *philosophical divines*, that *any change whatever* was preferable to the continuation of the catholic religion in France. There is a passage in Moore's journal, which contains so complete an answer to every thing these gentlemen have advanced on this subject, that I am surprised, considering the principles of the journal itself and his companion Lauderdale, that it ever found a place in that volume.

The Doctor, being an Abbeville, met with a protestant clergyman, whom he congratulated on the deliverance of himself and his brethren, from the vexation of Romish persecution. The clergyman seemed to lament, that along with the spirit of persecution, that of religion daily diminished. "Upon which," says the Doctor, "I observed that, as nothing could be more
"opposite to true religion than a spirit of

“ persecution, the former, it was to be
 “ hoped, would return without the latter;
 “ but, in the mean time, the protestants
 “ were happy in not only being tolerated in
 “ the exercise of their religion, but also on
 “ being rendered capable of enjoying every
 “ privilege and advantage which the catho-
 “ lics themselves enjoy.

“ We are not allowed those advantages,
 “ resumed the clergyman, from any regard
 “ they bear to our religion, but from a total
 “ indifference of their own.

“ Whatever may be the case, replied I,
 “ the effect is the same with regard to you.

“ No, said he, the effect might be bet-
 “ ter, not only with respect to us, but to
 “ all France: for the spirit of persecution
 “ might have disappeared, without an in-
 “ difference for all religion coming in its
 “ place: and in that case there would have
 “ been more probability of the true reli-
 “ gion gaining ground; for it is easier to
 “ draw men from an erroneous doctrine to
 “ a true one, than to impress the truths of
 “ religion on minds which despise all reli-
 “ gion whatever.

“ But, although you may not be able to
 “ make converts of them, I replied, still
 “ you may live happy among them, in the
 “ quiet possession of your own religion and
 “ all your other advantages.

“ I doubt it much, resumed he ; being
 “ persuaded that, in a country where re-
 “ ligious sentiments are effaced from the
 “ minds of the bulk of the people, crimes
 “ of the deepest guilt will prevail in spite of
 “ all the restraints of law.”

How fully, alas ! has the opinion of this good clergyman been confirmed ! here we see a man living upon the spot, a Frenchman and a protestant, lamenting the decay of the catholic religion, and trembling for the consequences. This man plainly perceived the drift of the philosophical legislators : he saw that the destruction of all religion was their object, while they pretended to be correcting its abuses. Very far was he from saying, with our zealous reformers, that “ any change was “ preferable to the continuation of popery,” and yet, I think, we ought to allow him to be as much interested in a change, and as good a judge of its conveniences and inconveniences, as persons on this side the sea ; except, indeed, that he might not be *enlightened* by the rays of modern philosophy *.

* Some of the French protestants, however, differed widely from this good man. The Calvinists of Nîmes began massacring the Catholics at an early period of the revolution, under the pretext that they

From this digression we must return to the expelled clergy. The parish priests generally followed the example of their bishops in refusing to take the oath. Others were, of course, appointed to replace them. *Tail-ler and Perigord*, whom we have seen proposing the assumption of the church estates, was now become a sort of Pope to the modern church, and was busily employed, laying *unholy hands* on the heads of the new bishops. *Gobet*, one of the four bi-

were *aristocrats*. About six hundred persons, of both sexes and of all ages, were butchered in their houses, in the streets and public squares, before they could even suspect their danger. These monsters attacked the convent of the capuchins, forced it open, and pursued the venerable fathers to their dormitories and cells. Five of them were left weltering in their blood at the altar's foot. One of these, a very old man, craved five minutes while he committed his soul to God. The cool and deliberate villains granted his request. The intended butcher held a pistol in one hand, and a watch in the other, and, when the five minutes were expired, shot him through the head. See *Hist. of the French Clergy*, page 71. French edition.

This fact fully proves, that protestants can be as cruel as catholics. Let us not, then, imagine that we are secure from events of this kind, merely because the catholic religion is not established here. It was not a zeal for the Calvinistical religion that led the protestants of Nimes to commit these acts of barbarity: their knives were pointed, not against catholics, as such, but as *aristocrats*.

shops who had forsworn themselves, was rewarded for his apostacy by the bishoprick of Paris. Vagabond philosophical abbés, who had never been able to obtain admittance into the priesthood under the old government, were now not only accepted, but sought after. To these were added the secular priests and monks who had apostatized. Even the wretches who had been expelled from their cures, or orders, for irregular or criminal conduct, were now called in from Germany and the Low Countries. What a sight must it be, to those who yet preserved some respect for their religion and their country, to see these strollers, with their strumpets at their heels, returning to take on them the care of the morals and souls of a numerous people ! after all, the number of apostates was insufficient : a great many parishes remained without any priest at all.

The installment of the new priests was commonly, not to say always, attended with tumult and violence. Many of their predecessors were knocked down, stabbed, or shot, at their church doors, the day, or day after, they had refused to conform. The priest of the village of Spet-Saux, while he was explaining to his parishioners his reasons for refusing to take the oath, received

a musket ball in his breast, and tumbled dead from the pulpit into the aisle.

Where there was no resistance but on the part of the priest, an assassination put an end to the struggle ; but, in some places, the resistance was more general. The parishioners were divided ; one part the champions of the apostate, and the other, those of the old priest. Church time was the moment for deciding these disputes, and the Church-yard the field of action. These affrays were often bloody ; victory sometimes leaned to the side of justice ; but, as the apostate appeared in person at the head of his troops, as he had the young people generally on his side, and always the mob and municipal officers, with their national guards, he seldom failed to keep the field. Some of these wretches have been seen conducted to the altar to the sound of drums and trumpets, at the very moment when their partizans were murdering on the outside of the church.

The expelling of the parochial clergy tried the real sentiments of the body of the French people more than any one act of their tyrants ever did, before or since. Generally speaking, the trial was honourable to them ; for, if we except Paris, and some other places immediately under the influence of the revolutionary clubs, they wished

to retain their ancient pastors, and did not scruple to declare that wish, notwithstanding the vociferations of hundreds of mob in the pay of the Assembly; notwithstanding all these petty assemblies of subaltern tyrants, called municipal officers, who came to order them to receive an apostate, *in the name of the law*; notwithstanding thousands of spies and assassins, ever ready to betray and murder them; in spite of all these, whole parishes flocked round their priests, pressed them to continue, followed them to the fields, and left the apostates to lay mauls to the bare walls. Many of the latter, though they continued to receive the revolutionary salary for upwards of two years, never could boast of above three or four voluntary hearers.

Wherever this obstinate attachment to religion appeared, the Assembly knew how to make the refractory feel their authority. True tyrants, they suffered no one to thwart their will with impunity. Property, honour, conscience, all must yield to their sultanic decrees!

Condorcet, the atheist Condorcet, proposed flagellation; and this was pretty commonly inflicted on the women and children who assisted at the masses of the non-juring clergy. The Abbé Barruel (page 79 of the

French edition) tells us, that three sisters of one of the Charity-houses at Paris, expired under the rods of the assassins. Ungrateful monsters ! the lives of these women had been totally devoted to the service of the sick, the lame and the blind. By their vow they were excluded from the pleasures of the world, without being excluded from its pains. They had made a voluntary surrender of all they possessed, had assumed the garb, and submitted to the austerities of the monastic life, in order to devote themselves to the mournful occupation of attending on the *poor* who laboured under infirmities. It was said, they did this to secure themselves a place in heaven ; and most certainly they took the surest way. I feel a reluctance to call such people *superstitious* ; for, if they were so, their superstition was of a most amiable kind, and surely nothing short of the principles of this hellish revolution could have hardened the hearts of men to scourge them to death, and that merely because they would not disgrace themselves by receiving the sacrament from the contaminated hands of an apostate.

It were endless to enumerate all the different sorts of persecution exercised against those who remained attached to their religion. Little children were beaten half to death ; the hair and ears of women were

cut off; they were mounted on asses, and led about in the most unseemly and shocking guise. The instance of John Cantabel deserves particular notice. Cantabel was an honest peasant, sincerely attached to the religion of his fathers. He happened to have a little catechism which had been published by the non-juring clergy; it was found in his house; and this was a sufficient crime. A committee of municipal officers ordered the catechism to be burnt; a great fire was made; Cantabel was brought forth, and commanded to throw the book into it. "No," says the heroic peasant, it contains "the principles of my religion; it has been my guide and my comfort, and it now gives me the courage to tell you, that I will never commit it to the flames." Upon this he was threatened, but still he remained resolute. One of the ruffians seized a flaming torch, and held it under his hand. "Burn on," said he, "you may burn not only my hand, but my whole body, before I will do any thing to dishonour my religion." He was afterwards mounted on a horse, his back to the head, and the tail in his hand, and was thus conducted about amidst the shouts of the rabble. The vile wretches, when tired with their sport, suffered him to creep home, more dead than alive.—This is the *liberty* of

conscience in the "*Age of Reason!*" This is the *toleration* we might expect from atheists, from these infidel philosophers, who are continually exclaiming against the prejudices of their forefathers, and against the sad effects of bigotry and religious zeal. In the cant of these *enlightened* reformers, this peasant was a *fanatic*, an *aristocrat*, a *rebel to the law*, and, as such, they will tell you that he was worthy of death.

Notwithstanding the partial opposition the apostates met with, and the horror their conduct, as well as their ministry excited in all good minds, they, at last, found themselves in possession of the churches, to the exclusion of the ancient priests. Such of these latter as had escaped death, were now bereft of all means of subsistence; they were therefore obliged to become a charge to their faithful parishioners. Had there been any such things as toleration and liberty under the Constituent Assembly, these unfortunate men might still have found a retreat amongst their wealthy neighbours, that would have left them no reason to regret the loss of their salaries. But the greatest part of their wealthy neighbours were already reduced to their own situation, and those who were not, knew that the reception of a non-juring priest would amount to a proof of *aristocracy*, sufficient to lead

them to the guillotine. The expelled priests were, then, obliged to take shelter in some obscure and miserable cabin, and often was the terror so great, that, like persons infected with the plague, no one would admit them beneath his roof.

From such a state of misery and humiliation some fled in disguise to the countries surrounding France; some to recesses in the forests, whither the peasants of the neighbourhood brought them the means of existence. Numbers, however, still remained in their towns and villages. Seeing the whole country swarming with assassins, they thought, perhaps, they might as well wait the stab in their own parishes as to seek it at a distance. Many, too, from age and infirmity, were absolutely incapable of travelling; and, besides the small remainder of a life so full of bitterness, could not, with such men, be an object of sufficient importance to induce them to abandon those of their parishioners, who still sought their advice and consolation. Some were retained by their affection to their relations, or their parents; it is so hard to break the bands of nature, to tear oneself from all one holds dear, that the risk of death in competition with such a separation, loses half its terrors.

The ancient priests who remained in their parishes, or near them, though often obliged

to secrete themselves, and though, to appearances, generally shunned, were resorted to by great numbers, particularly of the elderly people. I have already observed, that, among the youth, there was a pretty general bias toward the apostates. Hence ensued such scenes of division and persecution as no country on earth, except France, ever witnessed. Friends were divided against friends; one branch of a family against another. It often happened that the parents treated their children as apostates, and the children their parents as aristocrats; quarrels and bloodshed were as often the consequences. We have seen (page 29 of *this volume*) a son cut off the heads of his father and mother, because they refused to attend at the mass of an apostate, carry the heads to his club, and receive applauses for the deed. Acts like this were not frequent; but others very near approaching it, were not only frequent but general. Sons, and even daughters, have been known to beat and lacerate their parents in the most cruel manner. Hundreds of both sexes have been led to prison and publicly accused by their children. A man at Faulconberg in Artois, blew his wife's brains out with his musket, and left her wallowing in her blood on the hearth with seven small children crying round her!

Can any man, with the common feelings of humanity about his heart, contemplate such scenes of horror, without execrating the revolution that gave rise to them? *

The apostate priests failed not to fan the flames of discord and division. To ingratiate themselves with the young and ignorant, they mixed in all their amusements and debauches, treated them at their own houses, and instituted civic festivals for the mob, with whom they were continually surrounded. Their masses were sung midst the shouts of robbers and murderers, and

* Many writers (and among others Thomas Paine) have remarked, that the French paid great respect, even a sort of adoration, to old people: if this was the case, which I am by no means inclined to deny, or doubt, what sort of a revolution must that be, which has changed this respect and veneration, so justly due to old age, into scorn and contempt, into a merciless brutality, nay, into parricide? *Solon* made no law to punish *sacrilege* or *parricide*; because, he observed, "the first was as yet unknown in Athens, and the second was so directly against all the feelings of nature, that he did not believe it could ever be committed."—Poor *Solon* did not live in the "enlightened eighteenth century," or he would never have talked in this way. If he could but rise from the grave, and listen to our *philosophers*, they would not only convince him that such actions are possible, but they would tell him they were indispensably necessary to the establishment of a free republican government. Had *Solon* been at Paris, since the revolution, he would have been guillotined for a rank aristocrat.

often interrupted by the arrival of some innocent conscientious person, dragged in to assist at what he looked upon as a profanation. Their churches resembled guard-houses, rather than places of divine worship. In proportion as they perceived themselves neglected and despised, their wrath against their unshaken predecessors increased. Vexed and humiliated to find, that all the respectable part of their parishioners took as much pains to avoid them, as to seek a communication with their old pastors, the whole weight of their vengeance fell on these latter. In their existence itself they saw a memento of their own infamy. There is not a species of cruelty, that the most obdurate can devise, which they left unessayed. They hunted them from their retreats, from the houses of their friends and relations, from the woods and caverns even, to expose them to insult and murder. The infirmities of age, the tears of parents, nothing could soften the hearts of these apostate wretches. We have seen enough of the sufferings of the old clergy in the first Chapter of this work; but there is yet one instance which I must quote. "I was at *Trois Rivières* (says *le voyageur de la Révolution*) a little village in Picardy. I saw several women running by the inn where I had put up; they all seemed much

“ alarmed. I asked the landlord what was
 “ the matter: he told me that the revolu-
 “ tionary priest, provoked to find that none
 “ of the village attended at his mass, had
 “ been that morning to *Ville D’Eu* for a
 “ party of national guards, to aid him in
 “ driving the former priest from a little
 “ cottage, where he and his mother had
 “ taken shelter. The man gave me a most
 “ affecting account of this good priest, who
 “ was upwards of fourscore years of age,
 “ and who had been the rector of that place
 “ for more than fifty years. On the day
 “ he was to deliver his cure into the hands
 “ of the apostate, he summoned his little
 “ flock to meet him in the church for the
 “ last time. Not a soul was absent: old or
 “ young. The women carried their infants
 “ in their arms, and two old people, not
 “ able to walk, were carried on couches. *My*
 “ *children,* says the old man, *I have pres-*
 “ *sed your tender hands on the baptismal*
 “ *font: I have sung the requiem for the souls*
 “ *of your fathers: I must now bid you an eter-*
 “ *nal farewell, deprived of the consolation of*
 “ *leaving my ashes amongst you.*”—Here he
 “ ceased; tears stifled his voice; the sobs
 “ and cries of his audience rendered the
 “ scene too much for him. While the land-
 “ lord was speaking, we heard a discharge
 “ of muskets, and a loud shriek of women.

T

“ We ran to the spot. The peasants of the
 “ village, about forty in number, had as-
 “ sembled round the cottage with clubs to
 “ defend their pastor; but, the enemy hav-
 “ ing fire arms, they had been obliged to
 “ give way, leaving two of their compa-
 “ nions dead, and several wounded. I now
 “ held a sight sufficient to melt the heart
 “ of a tyger. Two ruffians of the national
 “ guard were dragging out this venerable
 “ old man by the hair of his head, by
 “ those locks as white as snow. He had
 “ received a wound in his cheek, from
 “ which the blood ran down on his gar-
 “ ments. In this situation was he led off,
 “ bare headed and bare footed, towards
 “ *Ville D’Eu*, while his poor old parent, who
 “ had been many years blind and dumb,
 “ remained on her bed, happily insensible
 “ of the sorrows of her son. As the villains
 “ pulled him along, all the words he was
 “ heard to utter, were, My Mother! Oh!
 “ My Mother!—The women and children
 “ of the village followed the escort with
 “ cries and lamentations, till the savages
 “ drove them back with the points of their
 “ bayonets.”

Nor were those of the laity spared; who
 resorted to the old clergy for the ex-
 ercise of the rites which they looked upon
 as essential. A new married couple hav-
 ing refused to have the ceremony performed

by one of the apostates, a party of his myrmidons broke in among them the wedding night. The husband made his escape: the wife, in a swoon, became the prey of the party. They gratified their brutal passion, without gratifying their ferocity. They tore off her breasts, as a tyger might have done with his claws, and threw them on the floor. They then left her to wait till death relieved her from her horrible situation*.

I should have scrupled inserting a fact like this, though taken from so respectable a work, if the former part of this volume did not contain others, if possible, surpassing it: I say, *if possible*; for I declare I know not which is most shocking, the tearing off a woman's breasts, or the ripping a child from her womb, and sticking it on the point of a bayonet. Indeed, the greatest part of the facts related here, are so much more shocking and terrific than any thing

* See *Hist. of the French Clergy*, page 138.—I cannot help remarking here, that it is something wonderful this *History* is not more known in America.—It is a proof, among hundreds, how locked up we have been to every thing that might lead us to a just estimation of the French Revolution.—It is true, the greatest part of the News-papers have set their faces against truth; but surely, were the presses free, we ought not to suffer ourselves to be kept in the dark by people, who are, probably, paid for so doing.

we have ever before had an idea of, that common murders appear as trifling.

By means like these, the old clergy and their adherents were extirpated, and religion along with them. The business of the new clergy (if the wretches deserve the name) was not to establish one church on the ruins of another: it would be as preposterous as to suppose that an Assembly of Atheists and Deists had any such intention, as to suppose that a horde of apostates were calculated for the work. These latter were, in fact, so many missionaries of blasphemy and murder, sent into the provinces purposely to destroy the ancient priesthood. The assembly foresaw that, when that was done, their new priests would at any time become the apostles of infidelity.

It must be considered that these legislators did not want for cunning: an elegant writer has lately called them "architects of ruin;" and, indeed, they possessed the art of destroying in its utmost perfection. Their calculations with respect to their new priests were extremely just; they came out to an unit. When they had annihilated their predecessors, they were not only ready to second the decrees for the abolition of christianity altogether; they were not only instrumental therein, but they had led the way. Several began to teach the religion

of *Reason* in the Jacobin clubs, of which they were all members, and even in the pulpit. The garb of a priest itself became a burthen to them, and they humbly asked leave to quit it for the more honourable one of the national guard. The apostate bishop of Moulin, who had been consecrated by the unhallowed hands of *Taillerand*, wrote to the Convention that he officiated with a pike and liberty cap, instead of the crozier and the mitre. It was this vile wretch who first caused to be written on the gate of the burying-ground: "*this is the place of everlasting sleep.*—"

Three weeks after this communication of the bishop of Moulin, *Gobet*, the new bishop of Paris, with his Grand Vicars and three other revolutionary bishops, came to the hall of the legislators, and there abdicated christianity in *inform*. They begged pardon of the injured nation for having so long kept them in the dark, by duping them into a belief of the divinity of an *Impostor*, whose religion they now threw off with abhorrence, resolved in future to acknowledge no other deity than *Reason* alone!

It was not more than four days after this that a pagan festival was held in the Cathedral Church of Paris. A woman named *Memoro*, the wife of another man, but the

strumpet of the vile Hebert, *alias* Father du Chêne, was dressed up as the *goddess of Reason*. Her throne was of green turf; an altar was erected at some distance, on which the priests burnt incense, while the legislators and the brutified Parisian herd were prostrated before the throne of the *goddess Reason, alias* Memoro, *alias* du Chêne.

About this epoch appeared the paganish republican calendar, with a decree ordering its adoption. This was intended to root from the poor tyranized people the very memory of religion; to dry up the only source of comfort they had left. They had been robbed of all they possessed in this world, and their inexorable tyrants wished to rob them of every hope in the next. Some say that this calendar itself was composed by an apostate priest, others, that it was the work of a writer of farces, named Des Moulins. Whoever may be author, we know who has the honour of re-printing it and retailing it in this country.

It is true the last mentioned acts, the consummation of the most horrid blasphemy that ever man was witness of, took place under the Convention; but, what were they more than a necessary consequence of the measures of the Constituent Assembly? nay, the leaders in that Assembly boasted,

when they had obtained the decree against the non-juring priests, that they had tricked the people out of their religion, before they perceived it. Nor is there at this time one of those who voted for that decree, who will not tell you, that christianity is a farce, fit only for the amusement of old folks, and that he rejoices in its abolition in France. This is not mere surmise.

Indeed, that their successors have only fulfilled their wishes, in this respect, there can be no doubt, if any judgment of the wishes of men is to be formed from their principles, their words, and their actions. Who, I ask, that wished to preserve religion, would have passed a decree for the expulsion of every priest that refused to forswear himself? who, that did not wish to destroy religion, would have passed a decree for committing it to the care of apostates? Was it not clear, that such men would stick at nothing? That, at the nod of their masters, they would at any time be ready to blaspheme the God they pretended to adore? On the contrary, the Assembly knew, that there was no hope of their system taking root, while the ancient clergy remained in their cures. Among men, who gave up their all, and exposed themselves to almost certain death, rather than falsify their faith, they could not hope to find a *Gobet*. They

could not hope to find supple villains that would voluntarily depose the emblems of their religion on the altar of a strumpet, and confess themselves to have been the crafty ministers of an *arch impostor*.—

The oath tendered to the clergy was the touch-stone; it was to prove them; to know whom the Assembly could depend on for the accomplishment of their projects, and whom they could not depend on. The enforcing of the oath was the last blow to public religion in France, and therefore the destruction of that religion, with all its immoral and murderous consequences, is due to the Constituent Assembly, and to them alone. It is as nonsensical as unjust to accuse this or that faction, or even the Convention itself, of exchanging Christianity for a system of paganism; infidels who adore an idol are as good as infidels who adore none; and where is the difference, whether the adored idol be Jean Jacques Rousseau or Madame Memoro? An adulteress is as good a goddess as an adulterer is a god at any time.

Let the reader now look back, and he will easily trace all the horrors of the French Revolution to the decrees of the Constituent Assembly. It was they that rent the government to pieces; it was they that first broached the destructive doctrine

of equality ; it was they that destroyed all ideas of private property ; and finally, it was they that rendered the people hardened, by effacing from their minds every principle of the only religion capable of keeping mankind within the bounds of justice and humanity. Look also at their particular actions, and you will see them breaking their oaths to their constituents and to their king ; you will see their agents driving people from their estates, beating and killing them ; you will see them surrounded with a set of hireling writers and assassins, employed to degrade and murder peaceable people attached to the religion of their forefathers ; and you will see them not only pardoning murderers, in spite of their poor humiliated monarch, but even receiving the assassins at their bar, covering them with applauses, and instituting festivals in their honour. What have the members of the Convention and their agents done more than this ? They have murdered in greater numbers. True ; but what have numbers to do with the matter ? The principle on which those murders was committed was ever the same ; it was more or less active as occasion required. The wants of the Convention were more pressing than those of the Constituent Assembly. The Assembly were not driven to the expedient of *requisitions*, nor was

the hour yet arrived for the promulgation of the paganish calendar. Consequently they met with less opposition, and therefore less murders were necessary; but, had they continued their sittings to this day, the devastation of every kind would have been the same that it has been.

The whole history of the revolution presents us with nothing but a regular progress in robbery and murder. The first Assembly, for instance, begin by flattering the mob, wheedling their king out of his title and his power; they then set him at defiance, proscribe or put to death his friends; and then shut him up in his palace, as a wild beast in a cage. The second Assembly send a gang of ruffians to insult and revile him, and then they hurl him from his throne. The third Assembly cut his throat. What is there in all this but a regular and natural progression from bad to worse. And so with the rest of their abominable actions.

To throw the blame on the successors of the first despotic Assembly is such a perversion of reason, such an abandonment of truth, that no man, who has a single grain of sense, can hear of with patience. As well might we ascribe all the murders committed at Nantz to the under cut-throats, by whom they were perpetrated, and not to the Convention by whose order, and un-

der whose protection, these cut-throats acted. The Constituent Assembly knew the consequences of their decrees; as well as Foucault (*See page 66.*) knew the consequence of his order for throwing forty women from the cliff Pierre-moine into the sea; and it is full as ridiculous to hear them pretend, that they did not wish those consequences to follow, as it would be to hear Foucault pretend, that he did not wish the forty women should be drowned. True, the Convention are guilty of every crime under heaven: assassins and blasphemers must ever merit detestation and abhorrence, from whatever motive they may act, or by whomsoever taught and instigated; but still the pre-eminence in infamy is due to their teachers and instigators: the Convention is, in relation to the Constituent Assembly, what the ignorant desperate bravo is in relation to his crafty and sculking employer.

Before I conclude, it may not be improper, as I have hitherto spoken of the Constituent Assembly in a general way, to make some distinctions with respect to the persons who composed it. I am very far from holding them all up as objects of abhorrence, or even of censure. There were many, very many, men of great wisdom and virtue, who were elected to the States-General, and even who joined the Affem-

bly, after it assumed the epithet *National*. It would be the height of injustice to reproach these men with the consequences of measures, which they opposed with such uncommon eloquence and courage. History will make honourable mention of their names, when the epitome I have here attempted will be lost and forgotten. Suffice it then to say, that the weight of our censure, of the censure of all just and good men, ought to fall on those licentious politicians and infidel philosophers alone, who sanctioned the decree for the annihilation of property and religion.

Here, too, we ought to divest ourselves of every thing of a personal or party nature, and direct our abhorrence to principles alone. As to the actors, they have, in general, already expiated their wickedness or folly by the loss of their lives. We have seen the atheist Condorcet obliged to fly in disguise from the capital, the inhabitants of which he had corrupted, and by whom he had been adored as the great luminary of the age: we have seen him assume the garb and the supplicating tone of a common beggar, lurking in the lanes and woods, like a houseless thief, and, at last, literally dying in a ditch, leaving his carcase a prey to the fowls of the air, and his memory as a lesson to future apostles of

anarchy and blasphemy. Scores, not to say hundreds, of his coadjutors have shared a fate little different from his own; and those who have not, can have little reason to congratulate themselves on their escape. The tornado they have raised for the destruction of others, has swept them from the seat of their tyranny, and scattered them over every corner of the earth. Those haughty usurpers, who refused the precedence to the successors of Charlemagne, are now obliged to yield it to a peasant or a porter. They who decreed, that the "Folding-Doors of the Louvre should fly open at their approach," are now glad to lift the latch of a wicket, and bend their heads beneath the thatch of a cabin. And, what language can express the vexation, the anguish, the cutting reflections, that must be the companions of their obscurity! When they look back on their distracted country, when they behold the widows, the orphans, the thousands and hundreds of thousands of murdered victims, that it presents; when they behold the frantic people, carrying the dagger to the hearts of their parents, nay, digging their forefathers from their graves, and throwing their ashes to the winds; when they behold all this, and reflect that it is the work of their own hands, well might

they call on the hills to hide them. The torments of such an existence who can bear? Next to the wrath of heaven, the malediction of one's country is surely the most tremendous and insupportable.



Now, what is the advantage we ought to derive from the awful example before us?—It ought to produce in us a watchfulness, and a steady resolution to oppose the advances of disorganizing and infidel principles. I am aware that it will be said by some, that all fear of the progress of these principles is imaginry; but, constant observation assures me, that it is but too well founded. Let any man examine the change, in political and religious opinions since the establishment of the general government, and particularly the change crept in along with our silly admiration of the French Revolution, and see if the result of his inquiries does not justify a fear of our falling under the scourge that has brought a happy and gallant people on their knees, and left them bleeding at every pore.

Unfortunately for America, Great Britain has thrown from her the principles of the French revolutionists with indignation and abhorrence. This, which one would

imagine should have had little or no influence on us, has served, in some measure, as a guide to our opinions, and has been one of the principal motives for our actions. A combination of circumstances, such as, perhaps, never before met together, has so soured the minds of the great mass of the people in this country, has worked up their hatred against Great Britain to such a pitch, that the instant that nation is named, they lose not only their temper but their reason also. The dictates of nature and the exercise of judgment are thrown aside: whatever the British adopt must be rejected, and whatever they reject must be adopted. Hence it is, that all the execrable acts of the French legislators, not forgetting their murders and their blasphemy, have met with the most unqualified applauses, merely because they were execrated in the island of Britain.

The word *Republic* has also done a great deal. France is a *Republic*, and the decrees of the legislators were necessary to maintain it a Republic. This word outweighs, in the estimation of some persons, (I wish I could say they are few in number) all the horrors that have been, and that can be, committed in that country. One of these modern republicans will tell you that he does not deny, that hundreds of thousands of innocent persons have been mur-

dered in France ; that the people have neither religion nor morals ; that all the ties of nature are rent asunder ; that the rising generation will be a race of cut-throats ; that poverty and famine stalk forth at large ; that the nation is half depopulated ; that its riches along with millions of the best of the people are gone to enrich and aggrandize its enemies ; that its commerce, its manufactures, its sciences, its arts, and its honour, are no more ; but at the end of all this, he will tell you that it must be happy, because it is a *Republic*. I have heard more than one of these republican zealots declare, that he would sooner see the last of the French exterminated, than see them adopt any other form of government. Such a sentiment is characteristic of a mind locked up in savage ignorance ; and I would no more trust my throat within the reach of such a republican, than I would within that of a Louvet a Gregoire, or any of their colleagues.

Our enlightened philosophers run on in a fine canting strain about the bigotry and ignorance of their ancestors ; but, I would ask them, what more stupid doltrish bigotry can there be, than to make the sound of a word the standard of good or bad government ? what is there in the combination of the letters which make up the word *Republic* ; what is there in the sound they pro-

timent; that the convives were not of the most despicable class. And, what would the reader say, were I to tell him of a member of Congress, who wished to see one of those murderous machines, employed for lopping off the heads of the French, permanent in the State-House yard of the City of Philadelphia?

If these men of blood had succeeded in plunging us into a war: if they had once got the sword into their hands, they would have mowed us down like stubble. The word *aristocrat* would have been employed to as good account here, as ever it has been in France. We might 'ere this, have seen our places of worship turned into stables; we might have seen the banks of the Delaware, like those of the Loire, covered with human carcases, and its waters tinged with blood: 'ere this we might have seen our parents butchered, and even the head of our admired and beloved President rolling on a scaffold.

I know the reader will start back with horror. His heart will tell him, that it is impossible. But, once more, let him look at the example before us. The man who, in 1788, should have predicted the fate of the last humane and truly patriotic Louis, would have been treated as a wretch or a

madman. The attacks on the character and conduct of the irreproachable *Washington*, have been as bold, if not bolder, than those which led to the downfall of the unfortunate French Monarch. His impudent and unprincipled enemies have represented him as cankered with every vice that mark a worthless tyrant; they have called him the betrayer of the liberties of his country, and have even drawn up and published *articles of accusation* against him! Can it, then, be imagined, that, had they possessed the power, they wanted the will to dip their hands in his blood? I am fully assured, that these wretches do not make a hundred thousandth part of the people of the Union: the name of *Washington* is as dear and dearer, to all good men, than it ever was. But, of what consequence is their affection to him, of what avail to themselves, if they suffer him to be thus treated, without making one single effort to defeat the project of his infamous traducers? It is not for me to dictate the method of doing this; but sure I am, that had the friends of virtue and order shown only a hundredth part of the zeal in the cause of their own country, as the enemies of both have done in the cause of France, we should not now have to lament the existence of a hardened and

impious faction, whose destructive principles, if not timely and firmly opposed, may one day render the annals of America as disgraceful as those of the French Revolution.

T H E E N D .

(33)

... whose distinctive principle
... it was simple and firmly opposed
... and one day under the name of America
... which is that of the French Revolution.



THE END

